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NATION

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TRADE HELPS THE TRADERS **The Third World's Fading Dream** / ***MICHAEL REISMAN***

Amerika Gegen Russen Ernst Jünger Interview / Uwe Backhaus

EXECUTIVE KREMLIN
OUR CORPORATE COMMISSARS
JOEL SELIGMAN

The Myth of Medical Progress / Peter Dreyer

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EDITORIALS

Forked Tongue

The much-traveled American Secretary of State faces a quite extraordinary challenge, both practical and moral, in connection with the meeting in Chile of the Organization of American States. In Santiago the General Assembly of the OAS will have to face, or turn away from, a report by its Inter-American Commission on Human Rights which documents the astonishing record of brutality toward its own people of the dictatorship that runs the host country.

That record has been ready for the OAS to consider and act on for two years, but thus far it has refused to confront it. One reason, quite simply, is that too many of the member states have similar records of torture and murder in their own histories to feel at ease about condemning the pr[illegible] military dictatorship which in two years seem[illegible] surpassed the combined crimes of all its neigh[illegible] the repression of their peoples.

During this [illegible] under the *Realpolitik* of Kissinger, the protesting v[illegible]e of the United States has been muted to the point of inaudibility. In fact, it has been the policy of this government to support the military regime of General Pinochet with everything we can possibly give it in the way of arms and financial backing. After all, it is there, doing its dirty work of repression, because the "destabilization" policies of Kissinger made it possible for the generals to overthrow the elected government of President Allende. Last month Kissinger's Cabinet colleague, Secretary of the Treasury Simon, journeyed to Santiago for consultations with that regime on money matters, posing as a condition for his trip that the Chilean dictators should release a token number—which turned out to be 1 per cent—of its political prisoners.

In his final months as this country's chief foreign agent, Kissinger has taken to going around the world giving academic lectures on the proper role of greater and lesser powers. Last month he put on that act in southern Africa. There he made two commitments: for substantial monetary aid to help the governments of countries neighboring Rhodesia which are suffering the effects of economic dislocation as a result of their boycott of that white-minority regime, and, second, for strong administration pressure to repeal the Byrd amendment which authorizes the United States to go on buying the Rhodesian chrome which most of the rest of the world, observing a U.N. resolution, refuses to buy. Since the Secretary of State's return from Africa there has been almost no administration pressure on Congress to end the scandal of the Byrd amendment (because Reagan would make a campaign issue out of it), as Kissinger must surely have known would be the case before he uttered those ringing words in Lusaka.

Given that recent record, and the long trail of misleading declarations and broken promises that preceded it, why should the peoples of Latin America put any faith in the declarations of the American Secretary of State? The answer is that they will not. This country's record on human rights in Latin America is now so dark that many years of our active support of those rights will be needed before anyone else has reason to believe the words of an American representative.

From the viewpoint of the reputation of the United States in the Southern Hemisphere, it would be better if Kissinger stayed away from Santiago and went back out on the campaign trail in this country, defending his record before audiences less well acquainted with it than are the people abroad who have suffered from its effects.

Carter's Choice

It will be a great relief to have the primary election season ended, as it will be on June 8. Then there will be a short season of serious politics before the conventions.

The outcome of the post-primary politics will almost certainly be the selection of Gerald Ford by the Republicans and James Earl Carter Jr. by the Democrats. In the Democratic race, the question that matters is which tendency in that party gives him the final 200 or 300 delegates he will need after the elections in California, Ohio and New Jersey. Will it be the conservative, cold-war faction represented by the fallen Jackson or the liberal-progressive coalition behind the still-fighting Udall?

The choice will really be Carter's after June 8 (unless there is a quick stampede to his banner by one side or the other). He will be free to move in either direction, Right or Left. His main consideration will be which move will do more for the ticket in November. Our own hope, of course, is that he will decide there is more to be gained by enlisting the talents and energies on the Left, and we believe there is a powerful case for that choice.

With that in mind, it is important that Morris Udall do as well as possible in the last three primary states. A vote for Church or Brown (whose antics are giving "charisma" a bad name) is simply thrown away. Carter's slowed "momentum" in these late primaries is perfectly natural. Voters are casting about for an alternative to this enigmatic figure from the South, even as his delegate strength increases each Tuesday (despite the "sag" in his "surge," which the columnists delight to note).

It will be much harder for the GOP than for the Democrats to bind up the wounds of the primary battles. The race between the right-wing fantasist, Reagan, and the right-wing Establishmentarian, Ford, has produced a real split in that party. It will go into the national election with a substantial alienated faction. That can only make things easier for the Democrats and for Jimmy Carter.

Teamsters on the Strip

Next month the International Brotherhood of Teamsters will convene amidst the slot machines, neon lights and flesh markets of Las Vegas—an appropriate site, since part of the Strip was constructed with money from Teamster pension fund loans—to elect a new team of officers. All indications are that the junta led by international president Frank Fitzsimmons will be returned against no significant opposition. Ralph Williams, head

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of the weighty Central States Conference, was expected to run against Fitzsimmons but recently announced that "All of us are going to be running as a group. I will do anything assigned to me by Frank Fitzsimmons and [Secretary-Treasurer] Ray Schoessling." And the only other man who might have challenged Fitzsimmons's rule was, of course, Jimmy Hoffa, who is presumed to be resting quietly in some gangland garbage dump since his unexplained disappearance last year.

It would seem that Fitzsimmons and the IBT leadership constitute an unpleasant but unalterable fact of life, like starving beggars in Calcutta or torturers in Latin America. Indeed, one is reminded of nothing so much as a corrupt Latin dictatorship in reading "Teamsters Democracy and Financial Responsibility," the report issued last week by the Professional Drivers Council for Safety and Health (PROD), a dissident Teamster group. Here all the familiar abuses are catalogued again: astronomical wages for Teamster officers; union "gifts" to officers of Cadillacs and fancy apartments; "unlimited travel accounts" for higher-ups, and other alleged rip-offs. In most other unions, such charges would at least disturb the peace. But even PROD's leader, Arthur Fox, predicts that Fitzsimmons, et al., will sail back into office as serenely as their golf balls soar through the sunny air of the La Costa resort.

Mr. Fox hopes that his report will at least embarrass the Teamster chiefs and perhaps "prod" federal investigatory agencies into action. But one cannot help asking: will the dozens of Teamster dissident organizations, which pop up like mushrooms only to wither as fast, ever go beyond prodding and take one big stick to their leadership? At how many more dismal conventions will men like Fitzsimmons be acclaimed by well-heeled henchmen while silver dollars jingle and dice click in the background? How much longer will the nation's largest union continue to give the whole labor movement a bad name?

All in Due Course

The best line yet to emerge from the Wayne Hays public-payroll "mistress" scandal comes from Rep. James Corman (D., Calif.), quoted as saying: "I don't want to see Wayne get hung prematurely." He wants the errant Hays hung, all right, but not until the rope has been knotted with all due process. It is likely that this sentiment for a stately Congressional march to the gibbet is the common one among the legislators, who have long been the victims of this outrageously arrogant, and now scandalous, petty tyrant.

Wayne Hays certainly deserves his fate. After the hanging, he could be drawn and quartered, so to speak, without moistening a colleague's eye. He has used his great powers over the administrative arrangements of the House as if he were a sultan in a medieval Turkish court, and he is clearly not the person who should be handing out campaign funds to his associates, a job he does as if he were distributing royal favors.

In this revolting Congressional comedy there is, however, one serious new element—apart from the general and obvious point that, without a competent and re-

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spected Congress, our political fate will increasingly rest in the hands of an unrestrained Presidency. That element is the rapid intervention in the case by the Department of Justice.

The ink was still wet on *The Washington Post*'s revelation of Elizabeth Ray's charge that she was a kept woman on Capitol Hill when the so-called Public Integrity Section of the Department of Justice jumped into the act. This new branch of Justice let it be known that it was alert, vigilant and on the job, busy investigating and ready to prosecute.

The Public Integrity Section, an obvious by-product of the Watergate scandal, moved in on the Hays-Ray affair before the House itself had had time to draw breath and digest the implications of the spurned woman's allegations against her powerful protector. In doing so, and in making its suspicions immediately public (even, according to some accounts, offering immunity from prosecution to Miss Ray), this branch of the Justice Department violated every kind of standard for a law-enforcement agency.

It should not, of course, have flexed its prosecutorial muscles under the limelight. That was a pure grandstand play and as unjudicial and unprofessional as can be. Second, it should have allowed a decent interval for Congress to act to clean its own House. Third, the quick publicity the Justice Department sought will simply remind those who pay attention to such matters that its alacrity in this case stands in stark contrast to its failures to prosecute in other and more important areas. For instance, the Department of Justice has not brought a single indictment in any of the cases of obvious perjury (including that of Ambassador Richard Helms, former CIA director) stemming from testimony on U.S. intelligence activities before the various committees of Congress that investigated our domestic and foreign espionage system.

With the Justice Department and the FBI at his disposal, any President can discredit Congress by laundering its dirty linen before the large legislative bodies can put their committee processes into motion. Nixon never attempted to put Congress in disarray by capitalizing on the misdeeds of individual members, though it was said that J. Edgar Hoover, his familiar, was a walking encyclopedia of Capitol Hill scandal; perhaps he lacked the time, so rapidly did the avalanche of disgrace fall upon him. In any case, one can say that, at least in this respect, the Ford administration has exceeded its predecessor in governmental street fighting.

Already Washington is full of rumors and unconfirmed reports that several other ranking members of Congress can be tarred by the same brush as the admitted liar Wayne Hays. Except for its entertainment value, it does not matter whether or not fun and games took place under the Capitol dome. What matters is that Congress should be a body whose members do not use their high positions (and the public's tax dollars) for their private amusement. Congress can hardly compete with the executive branch in the current austerity derby (which exempts defense spending, of course) while its members are squandering public funds on no-show jobs for whatever purpose.

As for the Department of Justice, its quick interest in the Hays case may be seen merely as a trivial ploy in the executive-legislative competition for dominance as long as it so conspicuously fails to act against the malefactors of the intelligence community. And respect for government at all levels, the essential element of a democracy, will continue on its downward course.

The Young Vets

Congress, which in this "anti-government" election year is making deep bows toward economy (except when it comes to the defense bonanza, which it treats with even greater veneration than does the President), is currently faced with a difficult choice as to veterans' education benefits. The problem is mainly over the younger veterans, many of them from the unpopular war in Vietnam. School aid for those discharged between 1955 and 1966 expired at the end of May; those discharged after June 1, 1966 get ten years from date of discharge to complete their education. Many vets explain that they were obliged to delay their schooling because only in recent years have the benefits supplied enough money for an ex-serviceman with family to apply for higher education. The question is whether or not they should be extended beyond the ten-year period provided for in the current law.

The figures—both in numbers of individuals and in dollars—are staggering. The costs of our past wars, in directly measurable terms, go on climbing at a dizzying rate. The cost of taking care of this country's veterans is now approaching $20 billion a year, which is about twice the size of the entire federal budget when Franklin D. Roosevelt took office.

In the current controversy over extending the benefits of the latest batch of veterans (about one-fourth of them from Vietnam) there is a conflict between the generations, for understandable but distressing reasons. The older generation, represented by the establishments of both Congress and the veterans' organizations, sees no reason why the younger group should have a longer period in which to train themselves at government expense than they did. They fear that money for an extension of the G.I. Bill of Rights will come out of what now interests them in government care for their needs—mainly pensions and medical costs, on which, of course, there are no time limits. The younger ex-servicemen are pressed by the need to educate themselves for a world that demands higher standards of proficiency.

Tens of thousands of this younger generation will be cut off from finishing their studies unless Congress acts to extend by at least a few months the present law. One of the arguments for such an extension is that the Veterans Administration, not a famously efficient bureaucracy, failed to notify them of the time limitations. There is therefore a matter of common fairness involved in the rectification of this mistake.

Restoring the equities will cost a great deal of money, even if the period of the extension is only a few months. Rep. Robert Edgar (D., Pa.) is now gathering signatures looking toward a floor fight to overrule the stubborn resistance of the military committees' powerful old barons

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to the correcting of this injustice.

A country that fought the useless and wrong war in Vietnam so long and so heedlessly should see to it that its veterans are not forgotten in favor of those who fought in more popular conflicts. We must pay this one additional cost of that miserable war.

Honorable Dissent

Fifty-three years is a long tenure in any post, so congratulations would be due Patrick E. Gorman, who this month relinquishes the title of secretary-treasurer of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen, even were he not one of the most enlightened leaders of American organized labor. Gorman took over the Meat Cutters in 1923, and thus is the only head of an international union who has held power ever since the days of Sam Gompers. Under his leadership the union has grown from 6,000 to 520,000 members, and no one has ever contested his election as secretary-treasurer.

But Gorman's dedication and practical genius tell only part of his story. *The New York Times* recently called him a "chronic dissenter" in the labor movement, and his fiery opinions, often expressed in *The Butcher Workman,* which he edits, have consistently placed him on the honorable side of divisive issues. Gorman was an early and ardent critic of the war in Vietnam, and his record on civil rights and civil liberties is equally impressive. It is therefore a pleasure to report that, at the age of 83, Patrick Gorman is not departing as secretary-treasurer for the quietude of retirement. Rather, he will occupy the higher post of chairman of the executive board, with his power reportedly undiminished.

EXECUTIVE KREMLIN

OUR CORPORATE COMMISSARS

JOEL SELIGMAN

As with the Kremlin's mysterious Politburo, little more is known about the senior managers of the largest American corporations than their names and faces and the official facts they periodically issue. How they are selected, how power is transferred, how important decisions are made, are questions largely unanswered for law and business school professors, professional investors, Congressional staffers, public-interest attorneys, and journalists who are this nation's corporate Kremlinologists. However, the rash of recent corporate bribery scandals has moved the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC) and the federal courts to demand from a host of giant corporations more about how they are governed than has ever been known before. Conventional assumptions about the leadership of the largest firms have been shown to be wildly inaccurate. For professional investors, in particular, there is powerful new evidence as to why the period of the late 1960s and early 1970s was one of the worst in business management history. Congress is also disturbed. Previously scheduled hearings on proposals for a new Federal Corporations Law are being reoriented to focus on "the crisis in corporate management." Questions long unasked—e.g., was Penn Central's mismanagement really so exceptional?—are about to be put.

For generations, law students have studied an image of corporate government that is popularly known as "the legal norm"; it is an image pyramidal in form. At the base are the shareholders, owners of the corporation. Their ownership gives them the legal right to elect representatives to direct the corporation and to approve fundamental corporate actions such as mergers or bylaw amendments. The intermediate level is held by the board of directors, who are required by a provision common to nearly every statute "to manage the business and affairs of the corporation." On behalf of the shareholders, the directors are expected to appoint and dismiss corporate officers, approve important decisions, distribute profits, and so on. Finally, at the apex of the pyramid are the corporate officers. In the eyes of the law, they are the employees of the shareholders, and their authority is limited to those responsibilities which the directors delegate to them.

It has been a long time since any self-respecting law or business school professor seriously maintained that large corporations are actually run that way. As Prof. Bayless Manning put it in 1958: "[O]ur great empty corporation statutes . . . [contain] nothing but wind." In nearly every large American business corporation, it has been popularly believed, there exists a management autocracy. One man (very occasionally a woman)—variously titled the President, the Chairman of the Board, or the Chief Executive Officer—or a small coterie rules the corporation. Far from being chosen by the directors, this chief executive officer or executive clique chooses the board and, with the acquiescence of the directors, runs the corporation.

The intellectual justification for the subversion of the more democratic legal norm was the assumed efficiency of autocracy. Only "full-time experts," the smart money maintained, knew how to administer a complex firm. A series of carefully structured new devices to prevent senior managements from engaging in illegality or self-dealing—the SEC's Disclosure Program, broader roles

Joel Seligman, a member of the Corporate Accountability Research Group, is co-author, with Ralph Nader and Mark Green, of Taming the Giant Corporation, *to be published in September by W. W. Norton. The title of the report was "Constitutionalizing the Corporation."*

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for the outside financial auditor and general counsel—gave the "new norm" greater legitimacy.

The big news from the corporate bribery cases is that these new controls do not work. Any moderately determined corporate chief executive can evade the law. And an even more worrisome question has struck the unromantic legions of professional investors: is modern corporate management really so efficient? By trivializing the board and erecting a series of ineffectual control devices have senior managements been freed from responsibility for negligent decisions and decisions that improve their own interest at the expense of the investor?

Former CIA Director John J. McCloy's painstaking 300-page report on the foreign and domestic bribes of Gulf Oil Corporation is the best-documented example of the breakdown of corporate governance. At Gulf, three successive chief executive officers were able to pay out more than $12.6 million in foreign and domestic bribes over a fifteen-year period, without the knowledge of others on the board of directors or of senior executives reputed to be "Boy Scouts." To do so, Chairman William K. Whiteford in 1959 transferred an assistant comptroller to a Bahamian subsidy, there to launder Gulf moneys and hide transactions "off the books." Whiteford also hired Claude G. Wild as Gulf's Washington lobbyist and allegedly empowered Wild, personally or through nineteen other executives, to make illegal contributions to politicians ranging from such national figures as Sens. Lyndon Johnson, Hugh Scott, Henry Jackson, and Congressman Wilbur Mills to a group of utility commissioners in Pennsylvania. Although the actions of Chairman Whiteford and his successors were patently "shot through with illegality," involving violations of federal and state campaign laws, accounting fraud, possible tax fraud and numerous violations of the securities laws, these men were able to establish "off-the-books" accounts, create or employ three phony front corporations, banish at least one squeamish vice president, and involve as many as forty Gulf executives in fraudulent accounting or delivery of payoffs without public disclosure or effective internal challenge.

The description of corporate governance at Gulf is consistent with the pattern that emerges from a growing number of other SEC-instigated reports. At Northrop, Chairman Thomas V. Jones and Vice President James Allen were able to set up the Economic and Development Corporation, a separate Swiss company, and paid $750,000 to Dr. Hubert Weisbrod, a Swiss attorney, to stimulate West German jet sales without alerting the board or, it would seem, other senior executives.

At 3M, Chairman Bert Cross and finances Vice President Irwin Hansen ordered the company's insurance department to pay out $509,000 for imaginary insurance and the bookkeeper fraudulently to record the payments for tax purposes as a "necessary and proper" business expense. Although the transactions lacked required documentation, they were approved by both departments and later "verified" by Haskins & Sells, the outside auditor.

Ashland Oil Company's chief executive officer, Orwin E. Atkins, involved at least eight executives in illegally generating and distributing $801,165 in domestic political contributions, also with no questions asked. Not only was the board not informed of this slush fund until the Special Prosecutor's Office and the IRS compelled Atkins to dribble out the details, but Ernst & Ernst, Ashland's accountants, did not effectively investigate any of a half dozen separate accounts which it discovered and which should have suggested Ashland's illegal course of action.

Since the SEC bribery disclosures will ultimately involve as many as 100 major U.S. corporations, including, according to Chairman Roderick Hills in March 3rd testimony, fifty-five of the *Fortune* 500 list of leading industrial corporations, the image of the corporate chief executive as a law unto himself, unrestrained by the board, the SEC's disclosure rules, the firm's lawyers or accountants, is without doubt frequently an accurate one. The serious question is whether unimpeded corporate autocracy assumes its most extreme form in the moral no man's land of foreign bribery, or is the usual way that important business decisions are made by the largest corporations. Many professional investors find strong evidence that unimpeded corporate autocracy is the rule rather than the exception.

The urge to merge, that curious management contagion which by the late 1960s had swept up even such staid single-industry companies as Singer, General Foods, and Aetna Life and Casualty, has been supplanted in the mid-1970s by an urge to purge. Deconglomeration is now the dominant Wall Street mood. But with the new maturity of the stock exchanges and investment bankers has come a host of painful self-doubts: why did we ever encourage such malstructured behemoths in the first place? Why did we ever assume that airline manufacturing executives could run meat-packing companies, or that anybody could market computers, or that James J. Ling could run anything?

"Trust in management," the state religion of the boom years, has been shattered. J. Irwin Miller, the well-regarded president of Cummins Engine, said as much at the end of the 1960s. Surveying a decade that had seen the wreck of the Penn Central, cost overrun catastrophes at both Lockheed and Douglas Aircraft, the slow decline of A&P, a host of conglomerate collapses, including Ling-Temco-Vought where the common stock dropped from 169 to 7 and Litton Industries where shares went from 120 to 10, Miller concluded: "I think we've just gone through a decade of rather surprisingly bad decisions by businessmen worldwide. Some of them so bad that nobody would have guessed it."

Recessionary economic conditions since 1970 have dramatized Miller's point: in 1975 alone W.T. Grant, once the third largest U.S. variety store, filed for voluntary bankruptcy after amassing debts of $1.8 billion, largely the result of overexpansion during the nine-year presidency of Louis Lustenberger. In California, the co-founders of the Daylin retailing empire resigned after filing for bankruptcy—their corporation also felled by trying to become too big, too fast. Chrysler, for years the nation's fourth largest industrial, lost more than $300 million in 1974 and 1975 as a result of Chairman Lynn

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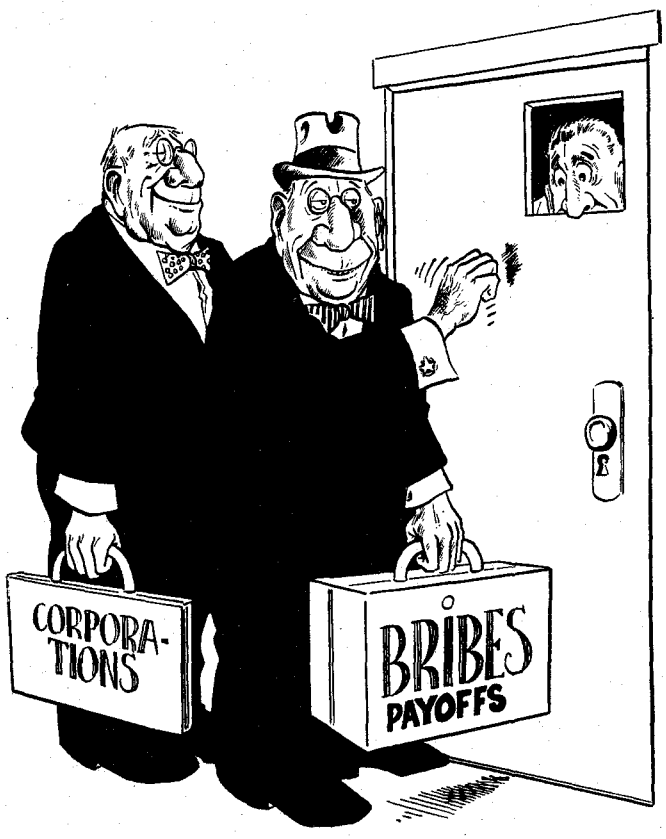

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Townsend's decision to ignore the small-car market just as the nation headed into the soaring fuel costs of the "energy crisis." In October, Townsend abruptly resigned. At RCA, Robert Sarnoff was fired. Since the corporation's write-off of $490 million for its ill-planned lurch into the computer business, Sarnoff's leadership had become increasingly erratic, culminating in $65 million of losses from its electronics manufacturing in the first eight months of 1975 and slippage of the NBC network to third place in television ratings. At three other corporations there was no time to change leaders. The Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad, Bowman Instruments, and Good Hope Industries, a little-known $250 million petroleum firm, all sought judicially supervised reorganization. Teetering on the brink were three leading airlines, TWA, Eastern and Pan Am—each the victim, among other problems, of overordering costly jumbo jets which then could not be unloaded in the glutted airbus market.

The day of reckoning came in 1975 for a dozen major conglomerates as well. Overextended by a pell-mell acquisition binge in the 1960s, Genesco's Chairman Frank Jarman sold off nearly 200 retail outlets but still finished in the red. U.S. Industries was criticized by one of its own managers for expanding "into too many businesses it knew nothing about"; costly infighting last year resulted in the stock selling for less than one-third of the firm's liquidation value. At the $2.5 billion Rapid American Company, synergy worked in reverse: nearly all of its acquisitions showed lower profits or higher losses in the years after they were acquired. The deconglomeration of $4.7 billion Rockwell International was particularly striking. As the economy turned down in the early 1970s, President Robert Anderson, fearing that the company might "stagnate," persisted in an acquisition program that added twenty-three new companies in eight years. Then when debt costs cut profits by 35 per cent, he suddenly put twelve companies up for sale and slashed research and development funding. Even ITT, long the largest and most successful conglomerate, suffered a decline. The company stumbled so obviously on currency speculation and three major acquisitions—Hartford Fire Insurance, Levitt, and Avis—that *Fortune* magazine ran a two-part article all but accusing Harold Geneen of mismanagement. "There has patently been a loss of self-confidence at ITT, and it is the product of more than one misadventure," concluded the magazine.

Viewing the largest corporations as a whole and allowing them to define their success or failure in their own terms—the proverbial bottom line—the pervasive unprofitability of the past decade is stunning. Over the ten years, 1964 to 1974, reports *Fortune*, 68 per cent of the famed "500" list averaged a less than 5 per cent "total return to investors" (dividends and stock appreciation); 37 per cent lost their shareholders' money. That is, shareholders in seven out of ten of the largest industrial corporations would have been better off if they had kept their money in a savings account; in four out of ten corporations, if they had sewn their money into a mattress!

What particularly infuriates many shareholders is that they were the only ones to suffer. The past ten years of low profits and frequent losses have been a decade of uninterrupted salary and benefit hikes for the nation's corporate chieftains. Prof. Wilbur Lewellen, a leading authority on executive compensation, has found that during the 1970-73 recession the "mean" salary for the top executive at fifty large manufacturing corporations increased steadily from $251,867 in 1970 to $287,759 in 1971, $323,802 in 1972 and $389,277 in 1973. In 1963, according to Lewellen, the highest paid executive at the fifty largest industrial corporations earned an "average" compensation of only $145,000, which means that top salaries at the largest corporations had approximately tripled in just ten years. That, as they say on the Street, is quite a hedge against inflation.

Discerning shareholders, however, know that Lewellen's figures far understate executive remuneration. The Corporate Accountability Research Group (CARG)—with whom I am associated—calculated that in 1974, the executive compensation (salary, bonus, deferred income and directors' fees) of the highest paid executive at the fifty largest industrial corporations was approximately $400,000—which is squarely in line with Lewellen's figure of $389,277 in 1973. But CARG also found that the forty-three highest paid chief executives who had not founded their firms or inherited stock in them each owned an average of $1,566,009 of his corporation's stock (the figure is based on the most recent proxy statements filed with the Securities and Exchange Commission and the closing stock prices of October 1, 1975). Much of this

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stock had been bought at discount prices through executive stock option plans, often with corporate low interest or noninterest loans. The result was that in 1974 each of the forty-three highest paid chief executives received an average of $60,382 in dividend income, above and beyond their $400,000 salary.

CARG also found that the twenty-one chief executives who disclosed their estimated annual retirement benefits anticipated an income of $133,910 per year. Corporate executives profit also from such other benefits as life and medical insurance, free medical service, educational grants for their children, indemnification insurance, country club membership, free legal and tax counseling, company apartments, chauffeur-driven cars and other amenities. This myriad of stock bonus, insurance and "fringe" benefit programs raises their direct remuneration of $400,000 to an actual income of $600,000 to $700,000 per year.

Yet what really upsets sophisticated investors is that *all* executive salaries—not just that of the corporate chief executive—have skyrocketed in the past decade. It is understandable. At most large firms the chief executive not only sets or influences his own salary level but also determines the remuneration of other executives down the line. It is obviously in his personal interest to seek the greatest possible rewards for his subordinates. A corporate chief who can "deliver" high salaries engages the personal loyalty of his junior executives. And, of course, the higher his subordinates' income, the higher his must be.

A good illustration of the result is to be seen at General Electric, where in 1974 Chairman Reginald Jones received compensation of $501,200. Walter Dance, Jack Parker and Herman Weiss, the next three highest paid executives received $400,000 or so apiece. The next 107 highest paid officers averaged direct compensation of $121,240—which, given the present value of stock bonus programs, retirement benefits, insurance and other perquisites—really means something like $175,000 to $200,000 per man. Why, some shareholders are asking, does a major corporation need to spend $200,000 a year to hire a middle-level vice president, when the federal government pays less than $40,000 a year for its highest ranking generals, regulators and administrators, and California, the largest state in the country, can hire a governor—and a cost-conscious one at that—for no more than $49,100?

Expense accounts generate a whole other set of pointed questions. Almost a third of 667 companies recently questioned by the American Management Association disclosed that they pay the expenses of a spouse who accompanies an executive on a business trip. What benefit, investors ask, could the corporation possibly derive from such open-handedness? Timex, whose net income was $8.7 million in 1974, spent $750,000 that year to refurbish executive offices. Why? Like the current criticism of Washington—that it is a buddy system or ingrown bureaucracy administered for its own good rather than the good of the country—the corporate bureaucracy seems more interested in taking care of itself than of its shareholders. This notion was responsible, in part, for the departure of 4 million of its 32 million investors from the New York Stock Exchange in the 1969-75 period.

Congress is now getting ready to act. Sen. William Proxmire (D., Wis.) is preparing a tough anti-bribery statute which, given President Ford's repeated condemnations of such practices, has a reasonable chance of passage. Sen. Floyd Haskell (D., Colo.) is working on an imaginative proposal to curb excessive executive compensation through the tax laws. His staff points out that 48 cents of every $1 paid to business executives is subsidized by the U.S. Treasury, since all compensation is deducted as a "necessary and proper" business expense for the purposes of corporate income taxes. Haskell would reduce this subsidy by placing a ceiling on the amount a corporation could pay an executive and still claim the deduction. Other members of Congress were impressed by a recent American Bar Association conference at Airlie House in nearby Virginia where a consensus of the corporate and securities lawyers present favored a new federal corporate law, perhaps along the lines of former SEC Chairman William Cary's proposal for "federal minimum standards," to supplant the low common denominator of present state laws.

None of these solutions, however, would solve the overarching problem of the maldistribution of power within the business corporation. So the Senate Commerce Committee has scheduled hearings beginning June 9 on a more sweeping proposal to restructure internal corporate management by the federal chartering of the largest corporations. Although proposals for federal chartering of "national" corporations date back to James Madison in 1787, the Commerce Committee's current interest in the concept was stimulated by the release late in January of a 592-page report: "Constitutionalizing the Corporation: The Case for the Federal Chartering of Giant Corporations" by Ralph Nader, Mark Green and myself. Under the Nader proposal, operating management would be barred from serving on the board of directors or participating in the nomination and election processes which choose the directors (other than by voting their own stock). In this way, a board wholly independent of inside management would be chosen. The board would serve as an internal auditor of executive performance with specific duties as follows: to establish and monitor procedures that oblige operating executives to obey applicable federal and state laws; to approve or veto all of management's important business proposals; to hire and dismiss the chief executive officer and have the power "to disapprove" the hiring of other principal executives; to report to the shareholders and the public how well the corporation has obeyed applicable laws and protected the shareholder's investment.

A major change would be in the style of the board's operations. Like Kafka's image of Diana the huntswoman in *The Trial*, the board would be an active rather than a passive pursuer of justice. Directors would be paid a full-time salary and be expected to spend several months a year on the job. To analyze complex business proposals, investigate complaints, and spot-check accountability, directors would control a full-time staff of attorneys, economists and other advisers. They would also receive timely access to relevant corporate data. To insure this, the board would be empowered to nominate the corporate financial auditor, select the corporation's counsel,

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compel the forwarding and preservation of corporate records, and require all corporate executives or representatives to answer fully all board questions respecting corporate operations.

An even more fundamental change would occur in the way directors are elected. To assure that the board possesses the motivation to perform its new duties with vigor, a director would be elected to a board position that carried with it a specific oversight responsibility, for example: "employee welfare," "finances," "purchasing and marketing" or "compliance with law." Thus, each director would have a special area of competence and a separate constituency, so that every important public concern of the board would be guaranteed at least one informed representative. Just as the Constitution of the United States gives the President, the two houses of Congress and the judiciary different geographic constituencies, different terms and different duties, the theory of the Nader proposal is that only by fully separating the board from operating executives and then organizing the board so that it will be stimulated to perform its job can the current crisis in corporate management be ended. There is much more to the proposal—new antitrust rules, disclosure provisions, new employee rights to freedom of speech and privacy, new powers for shareholders and neighboring communities—but the heart of the Nader version of the Federal Corporate Chartering Act is an attempt to break up operating management's autocracy by creating a disciplinarian board that would prevent violations of law, executive self-favoritism or inefficiency.

The reaction in the corporate suites to the proposed Federal Chartering Act has been electric. Within hours of the Senate Commerce Committee's tentative announcement of hearings, several high-powered trade associations, including the Business Roundtable, the U.S. Chamber of Commerce and the National Association of Manufacturers, telephoned the committee to demand the right to testify. In the next few weeks, Nader's Corporate Accountability Research Group received more than 250 requests from Washington lobbyists to buy the report. And the lobbyists apparently read it. A Harvard Law School professor published a mildly sympathetic critique in the *Harvard Law School Record* (the law school's newspaper, not the famous *Review*) and received a scorching letter from General Electric's Public Affairs Council that all but accused him of slovenly scholarship.

There is shaping up a sort of world series of corporate law. Since the much publicized Temporary National Economic Committee hearings of the late 1930s, Congress has not examined how the largest corporations are governed. But Congressional sentiment for a broad-scale investigation of that sort has been building since the Penn Central collapsed in June 1970, without its board ever having seen a capital expenditures budget, understood the corporation's desperate financial plight, or grasped the inaccuracies published in Penn Central's annual reports. "All of this," concluded the House Banking and Currency Committee, "raises the serious question as to whether giant corporations affecting the everyday lives of our population . . . should continue to be governed in the traditional fashion or whether a new system of corporate directorships should be devised." A series of other corporate disasters—Lockheed, Equity Funding, Franklin National Bank, the early conglomerate failures—reinforced this sentiment. But not until late 1975, when a Senate bill to de-concentrate vertically the largest oil corporations received a surprising forty-five affirmative votes did Congress recognize that the political climate was receptive to the consideration of fundamental questions about the structure of the giant corporations.

Then came the epidemic of corporate bribery cases and on April 8 the stunning announcement that the IRS was polling as many as 1,200 firms for evidence of tax fraud in the accounting treatment of foreign and domestic bribes. This created a high likelihood that the Democratic Party's platform will include a federal chartering plank and persuaded the House Government Operations Committee to schedule hearings on the chartering proposal in late June, soon after the Senate Commerce Committee hearings will have ended. □

GIVEAWAY, STRIPAWAY

PLUNDER OF THE PUBLIC LANDS

PAUL GOOD

One-third of all the land in the United States is federal land; it is land held in trust for all of us by our surrogates in Washington. The trust is considerable, some 765 million acres, which works out to five Texases or one India. It is also a vast arena in which bureaucratic mismanagement and corporate greed can run a game on the American people. In the Western coal lands, territory stretching from the Dakotas down through the national grasslands of Wyoming and into Colorado and New Mexico, strip miners and oil companies are now playing that game with millions of federal acres.

Western coal lands are not a hot issue in the public consciousness. And the Department of the Interior, which controls the lands, and corporations like U.S. Steel, Peabody Coal and Amax, which are grabbing it, much prefer that it not become hot. Participatory democracy has a fine ring to it, particularly in an election year.

Paul Good's most recent book is The Trouble I've Seen: White Journalists, Black Movement *(Howard University Press). It describes his experiences over the past decade, with particular focus on 1964, reporting on race in America.*

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But year in, year out, the national patrimony has been steadily diminished by its administrators, acting in virtual privacy, and land once lost is gone for good. Our land.

By the time, a few years ago, that environmentalists and other concerned citizens, including some from Interior's own Bureau of Land Management, began raising questions about the coal lands, Interior had managed to get rid of approximately 780,000 acres of plains, mesas, deserts and hills *at prices as low as 25¢ an acre.* And it was in the process of relinquishing 600,000 more acres at giveaway prices, mainly to corporate speculators who planned to sit on their holdings or to active strip miners who were trashing the earth from the Canadian border almost to the Rio Grande. Huge coal gougers chewed up 30,000 pounds of virgin land at a single bite, slashing into ecosystems where thin topsoil and scant rain made reclamation chancy at best. Not that many even tried. Giveaway and stripaway was the name of the game.

To understand how this classic case of patrimonial abuse has occurred, it's necessary to master a few points of law and history, a couple of abbreviations and some comparative price figures for coal leases.

To begin, while Interior concedes it now has enough federal coal under lease (16 *billion* tons) to last, according to its own conservative projections, for 118 years, the department has been in a sweat to lease out more massive tracts despite the environmental threat and almost certain windfall profits to the leaseholders. Why the unholy haste? Here one needs a little history.

In 1920, the Mineral Leasing Act codified procedures for developing the Western coal lands. It provided for two types of leases—and bear in mind that such leases, through rubber-stamp renewals, are good even to the end of time. Competitive bids were intended to auction off land to the highest bidder, which today can mean $500 an acre. However, preference right leases (PRLs) could be had at a pittance (a $10 prospecting permit and annual rentals of 25¢ to $1.50 an acre) if applicants would prospect in areas of unknown coal potential, as determined by U.S. Geological Surveys (USGS).

The law said that PRLs could be issued *only* for such question-mark areas and that the applicant must prove that commercial quantities of coal existed. But it did not spell out what constituted commercial quantities nor did it require a production schedule, and this oversight provided a loophole through which you could drive a coal truck. No one can remember a PRL application ever being rejected.

In theory, the law made some sense in an American era where ecology hadn't been invented and government worried about meeting the nation's long-range coal needs. But theory got a rude jolt from practice. During the fifty years since 1920, half of the 750,000 acres leased went the PRL route.

Were these PRLs given to pick-and-shovel prospectors, ready to gamble on finding coal in uncharted areas? They were not. Most went to pick-and-choose energy operators who saw a good thing in grabbing land at two bits an acre, particularly since the majority of leases were on land that the venerable USGS had indicated was coal bearing. Many were next door to working strip mines. For the developers, this was like shooting fish in a barrel.

Not that the leases sold on competitive bidding proved a bonanza for the federal and state governments that shared in lease revenues. Well over half of the auctions were held with only one company bidding, a strange species of free enterprise competition. One not atypical result is cited in an exhaustive 1974 report by the respected Institute of Ecology which drew heavily on *Leased and Lost,* a study by James Cannon for the Council on Economic Priorities. In 1966, when oil companies were making a big move into the coal fields, Atlantic Richfield obtained 5,880 Wyoming acres for a bid of $31.33 an acre. This "competitive" lease, costing $184,000, covered an estimated 687 million tons of coal valued at $1.37 billion.

As if all this were not bad enough, there was another ludicrous aspect to the profligate land sales that recalls the joke about the hotel guest who complained of the terrible food and ended by lamenting, "And in such small portions." Over a period of fifty-five years, all the leases—competitive and PRLs—accounted for only 1 per cent of America's coal production. The Bureau of Land Management reported that, from 1945 to 1965, production from federal leases dropped from 10 million tons per year to 6 million, while the land under lease soared from 80,000 acres to 400,000. In the next five years, production increased slightly *while the acreage doubled*! The basic reason for this was the rush by oil and power companies to nail down dirt-cheap coal sources as a hedge against an uncertain energy future. As prices inexorably rose, these leaseholders, thanks to the loophole mentioned above, could keep their coal off the market at an insignificant cost to themselves. Meanwhile, the federal government was underwriting experimental coal-into-gas projects and successful gasification plants could turn the leases into gold mines.

Why didn't Interior stop the land grab which broke both letter and spirit of the 1920 Act? An Interior spokesman explained to me that, until the 1960s, hotter-burning Eastern coal largely in private hands amply provided for the nation's needs, so runaway leasing was "a situation that nobody in the department paid that much attention to." Let's hope that was so: lack of interest is one thing, collusion another. By 1971, a scandal of Teapot Dome dimensions had brewed, apparently though not assuredly lacking Teapot's criminal conspiracies.

An unofficial moratorium on all leasing began in that year, formalized in 1973 by the then Interior Secretary Rogers Morton. The idea was to allow the department time to get its collective head together and come up with some environmental/contractual reforms that would end giveaway/stripaway.

A first step was to create Known Coal Leasing Areas (KCLAs) which were what the words connote—land where coal in commercial quantities was known to exist and so would be off-limits to PRL prospecting. It turned out that most of these KCLAs

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were based on surveys that were decades old and authorized by USGS—those "venerable reports" mentioned earlier. It also turned out that the vast majority of existing or pending PRLs were in designated or proposed Known Coal Leasing Areas, where mining coal from a bin had become a lucrative pastime. The Environmental Defense Fund, publicizing research from the Colorado Open Space Council, released shocking figures. They showed that *90 per cent* of existing PRL acreage in Colorado lies inside designated or proposed KCLAs and that about 55 per cent of pending PRLs are in the same category.

The Colorado figures are typical of the Western coal lands and the latter figure is worse than it appears. "Inexplicably," says EDF, "important coal areas in Colorado do not seem to be subject to current KCLA analysis by USGS, though the existence and workability of the coal deposits would certainly warrant the KCLA classification (for example, the Raton Mesa)." Raton Mesa is where Mobil has pending a tremendous PRL application—nearly 27,000 acres up for noncompetitive grabs, representing 80 per cent of all such applications in Colorado. For the last year, Mobil has been conducting a multimillion-dollar advertising campaign against news media reportage on the energy crisis. It recently ran a full-page ad in *The New York Times* (March 5) to pick apart an NBC show on gasoline prices, calling it "inaccurate, unfair and a disservice to the people." So in the interest of fairness, I called Mobil's information office to ask a number of questions: was Mobil leasing 27,000 acres at 25¢ an acre; did Interior require any environmental agreements; how did the company choose Raton Mesa? I was promised a prompt reply. That was three months ago and I'm still waiting.

The Morton moratorium came under increasing attack from energy interests. Concealing their glad rags of profit under the robes of patriotism, they lobbied hard for a resumption of leasing "in the national interest." As pressure mounted, an indifferent news media left the general public unaware that more of its real estate was in jeopardy.

In 1974, Interior finally issued a draft Environmental Impact Statement (EIS), based on the unproven and questionable premise: "There is probably not enough federal coal to meet the nation's needs without additional leasing." The statement did not discuss the fact that PRLs were pending on land known to contain billions of tons of coal. And its land reclamation safeguards for "surface mining" (Interior never uses the words, strip mining) were, in the opinion of *all* environmental groups, vague where they weren't insufficient, riddled with unsubstantiated assumptions about man's ability to restore and re-green those ecologically fragile Western lands, and flabby in enforcement plans.

The Institute of Ecology in Washington called the EIS "an echo of the sentiments of the coal industry." But Stanley Hathaway, wobbling through his six strange weeks as Interior Secretary, rejected former Secretary Morton's recommendation for a second, improved EIS. Dozens of suits were filed to block resumption of leasing, including major ones by the Sierra Club, the Environmental Defense Fund and the Natural Resources Defense Council.

Despite these challenges, the new Interior Secretary, Thomas Kleppe, in January ordered full speed ahead on lease resumption, without any environmental reappraisal. Wasn't he risking a showdown with the National Environmental Protection Act? Not really. The nation's environmental personality is so split that strong-sounding legislation often lacks regulatory follow-up, a bravely barking watchdog with no teeth. That same Interior spokesman told me: "The impact statement is useful as an announcement to tell the world what you plan to do. You state your course of action regarding environmental factors. There must be a thirty-day waiting period and then the EIS is submitted to the President's Council on Environmental Quality and that's it. Even if every environmental group is against it."

"That's regrettable but true," says Kathy Fletcher, Environmental Defense Fund expert on Western coal. "We see Interior using the EIS as procedural paperwork. They think that since an EIS has never stopped anything yet, they'll sign some papers and that will be that. Our suit with the Natural Resources Defense Council charges that Interior's analysis didn't even fulfill paperwork requirements. We want to increase public awareness and I think the department has been drifting more and more toward compliance with the Protection Act since the suits were filed."

For whatever reason, in February Secretary Kleppe executed what looked like a 45-degree turn as he announced a new program of all competitive leasing. "We are not in the business of leasing coal for speculation," he said, which must have come as a surprise to many leaseholders. "I am firmly committed to meeting our nation's energy needs by using the full array of alternatives reasonably available to me—both to increase supplies and to encourage conservation."

The new program featured the Energy Minerals Activity Recommendation System (EMARS). In many ways, it is a commendable effort to end freebooting in the federal fields. Lease applicants must demonstrate that they can move out coal in commercial quantities rather than just sit on it; they must begin paying projected royalties within six years and mine one-fortieth of the total coal within ten years. The latter does not seem an onerous requirement. EMARS' reclamation standards sound stringent on paper although there are modifiers that bear watching, such as "where . . . standards are not prohibitive to the development of the public resource." And there is a critical "however" in the new regulations: "However, existing preference right lease applications will be processed in a timely fashion, giving priority to those applications which meet the short-term criteria described elsewhere in this document."

About 120 prospecting permits and PRLs are currently pending; they cover 600,000 of the remaining 750,000 acres of federal coal lands open to leasing. They contain more than 12 billion tons of coal. Conceivably, applicants like Mobil may still grab this

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acreage for pennies. That would leave only 150,000 acres of the patrimony that once totaled 1.5 million acres to be protected under the new regulations, which is like locking the mine shaft entrance after the seam has been cleaned out. Practically, many of the PRL applicants will not be able to meet the new standards, and in that case the land is supposed to go on the competitive block. An editor for the well-informed magazine *Coal Week* told me: "In my opinion, Interior is trying to screen out the smaller operators from developing leases. As a group, they can't meet the test of producing in commercial quantities and they lack capital for the reclamation work. The big corporations can do this and still make a fortune off their PRLs." Kleppe flashed the green light to the bulldozers on May 11 when he issued revised regulations covering the strip mining of all coal in the Western reserves. While industry spokesmen grumbled over some restrictions, environmentalists like Rep. John Melcher (D., Mont.) warned of "devastating" effects. Louise Dunlop of the Environmental Policy Center said that regulation loopholes "make it possible for Western strip mining to be conducted without any reclamation at all."

So after five years of struggle to reform a system that has been stealing the country blind, the big operators are still coming out on top and into possession of our public land. It would be arrant Bolshevism, of course, to suggest that federal coal not be leased to anybody but instead be developed by the government for the public good. That is not free enterprise. □

TRADE HELPS THE TRADERS

The Third World's Fading Dream

MICHAEL REISMAN

Spring 1974. Petroleum boycotts and unilateral price increases were bringing the industrial and science-based civilizations of the Northern Hemisphere to submission. The Yom Kippur war (October 1973) was extravagantly presented not only as an Arab but as a Third World victory. The United States appeared to be retreating on every front. On May 1, 1974, a special session of the U.N. General Assembly exultantly passed a "Declaration of the Establishment of a New International Economic Order." On December 12, this declaration of independence was joined by a constitution for the new order, the "Charter of Economic Rights and Duties of States," adopted in the General Assembly by a vote of 120 to 6, with ten abstensions. The declaration had been premised on a shift of political power to the Third World; the mandate of the charter was to change the basic rules of world economic relations, and particularly trade, to reflect that power shift. Scarcely an area of world trade or commercial practice was to be left intact, and in addition reparations were to be paid for past injustices. But the fundamental innovation animating the thirty-four detailed provisions of the charter was replacement of the liberal principle of equal treatment in international trade with a new trade doctrine of discrimination: "preferential and nonreciprocal treatment for developing countries wherever feasible."

The New Economic Order or NEO is celebrating its second birthday. Is it a healthy baby? If it is sickly, do its problems stem from malnutrition, parental neglect, child abuse, or perhaps genetic defects?

Trade and Development

Ceteris paribus, as the economists say. Other things being equal, and in the long run, international trade benefits everyone. Unfortunately, "other things" are never equal and the "long run" never becomes shorter, however desperately you run. And in real time, "everyone" proves to be a rather exclusive club. International trade may not have harmed the vast poor of the Third World, but outside the rich realms of theory there is little to show that it has helped them much.

But then why should it? Basically, trade helps traders, and the fact that it continues is presumptive evidence that some people, even in the Third World, are doing well from it. It is precisely here that the revolution of the New Economic Order seeks to begin. It insists that international trade and, for that matter, any other international activity that promises to accelerate the development of the poorer countries of the world be regulated so that it does precisely that. At the 1973 Stockholm Conference on the Environment, development figured as an equal and sometimes stronger theme than conservation or environmental protection. As a Persian Gulf representative remarked, "For us, pollution is an acceptable price for industrialization." At the Law of the Sea Conference, developed countries seeking to stabilize the customary military and commercial uses of the oceans were routinely diverted to considerations of development.

All of this is part of a larger global trend called, with a certain historical immodesty, "modernization." The good is defined in terms of the material abundance produced in complex, mass societies characterized by large-scale production and distribution systems; there is a virtual fixation on consumption. As with any going system, a certain amount of attention and resources are devoted to sustaining the operation, celebrating its virtues and neutralizing competitors; hence modernization has generated an appropriate legitimizing political myth. In the past, elites sought and justified holding power through charisma or doctrines of divine right or popular consent, or with

Michael Reisman, a professor of law at Yale Law School, is the author of The Art of the Possible: Diplomatic Alternatives in the Middle East (*Princeton University Press*).

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promises of providing national security or the integrity of the *Volksgeist* or tribal spirit. In the modernizing culture, elites seek power and justify their retention of it with promises of "development": growth in national and per capita income, an ever growing pie and a bigger slice for everyone. Roosevelt, with his four terms, is the archetypal modernizing politician. Sadat's accommodations in the Middle East and Mrs. Gandhi's *continuismo* in India seek to justify constitutional defection with promises of economic development. Evidently such promises are thought to be stronger than demands for democracy or national honor and revenge.

In this century, the structure of international trade has had a very obvious relationship to national economic stability and growth, and has been a regular and important feature of domestic politics. After the 1930s depression, forward-looking economists in the United States increasingly contemplated reforms in world trade as a means to revive and sustain our economy. In those days the British Empire, with its rather endogamous trading system, was the challenge and the U.S. banner for *its* New Economic Order was "free trade." After World War II we played the dominant role in constructing an economic order which met our own requirements, provided for the reconstruction of Europe, and would, we argued, meet the needs of the comparatively small groups of states that were then classified as "underdeveloped."

A system entered into by seventy-three nations, called the General Agreement on Tariff and Trade (GATT) and based on "free trade," the most-favored-nation clause and reciprocity may have worked for the developed world, but it appeared to offer little to those with little to begin with. GATT did provide special advantages for poorer countries which could come into the free-world trading system, and many did, but concessions were few and rarely given without counterconcessions. Foreign aid proved to be highly political and variable; it was frequently linked to purchases in the grantor nation and was often designated for sectors in the recipient nations, the development of which promised primary benefit or minimum injury to the grantor's economy. Direct private foreign investment was to complement public funds and accelerate economic growth, the transfer of technology, and so on. But the multinational corporation emerged increasingly in the popular mind as exploitative and corrupt, jealously husbanding its technology, precipitously shifting vast funds across borders, evading taxes by transfer pricing and other accounting tricks, and setting country against country in cutthroat competition for foreign investment. While a few countries did manage to surge forward, the vast majority of the Third World found itself running in place and even losing ground.

It took almost twenty years for the notion that there was something wrong with the rules of the game in world trade to become a coherent Third World doctrine. In 1955, twenty-nine African and Asian states met at Bandung, Indonesia, where—though there was much rhetoric—considerable attention was given to economic and trade matters. Subsequent nonaligned conferences and U.N. discussions gave more attention to trade. In 1963, the new majority in the U.N. created the U.N. Conference on Trade and Development or UNCTAD, with a staff, regular meetings and, most important, a mandate to redesign world trade in ways that would enhance the development of the poorest states and regions. The Prebisch Report, by its first Secretary-General, expounded the concept of "peripheral economies" and provided a controversial theory and strategy.

Emboldened by an "automatic" Third World majority, UNCTAD emitted a flow of resolutions and proposals, many rather unrealistic and virtually all opposed by an industrial West whose support was critical for implementation. Western diplomats and trade journals began to refer to UNCTAD derisively as a "beggars' opera," and to pay less and less attention to it. But that did not deprive UNCTAD and related conferences of importance. Western governments send delegations to international conferences with precise, predetermined national objectives and tightly drafted instructions; the conception of negotiation is narrow and pre-programmed and the possibilities of change limited. Developing countries lack the staff and resources for such preparations and, perforce, use international meetings as seminars for practical instruction. In committee rooms, cafés and corridors, information is traded, alternatives are discovered and consequences explored. The value of a conference for a developing country is not in the windy resolutions that may emerge, but in the accumulation of knowledge which becomes a major part of the process of policy formation within that country.

On several major issues of world trade, the beggars' opera gradually shifted from cacophony to harmony. The Charter of Economic Rights and Duties of 1974 was really an UNCTAD product and might well have been submitted in Geneva, if the U.N. had not convened its Sixth Special Session in New York. The Special Session was a product of October 1973; its members assumed that the world political process had changed and that politics could and would change economics.

U.S. Resistance

In the *18th Brumaire*, Marx, in a moment of rare sympathy, cautioned against

> the narrow-minded idea that the *petit bourgeoisie* wants on principle to enforce an egoistic class interest. It believes, rather, that the special conditions of its emancipation are the general conditions through which alone modern society can be saved. . . .

The notion of the free competitive market, a law of nature, brutal but ameliorative in a social Darwinist sense, is a fundamental strut of our myth system. The American *locus classicus* is Andrew Carnegie's *Gospel of Wealth*, though any number of statements by President Ford would serve as well. Carnegie wrote:

> The price which society pays for the law of competition, like the price it pays for cheap comforts and luxuries, is also great: but the advantages of this law are also greater still than its cost—for it is to this law that we owe our wonderful material development which brings improved conditions in its train.

Outsiders perceive this as a myth. To them, what we call the free market is a carefully constructed, rigorously and, when necessary, coercively policed cultural-political arti-

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fact, designed to secure a specific pattern of production and differentiated distribution. Though ostensibly against monopoly and other anti-competitive techniques, it builds many such devices into its infrastructure: for example, the monopoly of patents and technology, of trade secrets, of price supports and, of course, the licit cartels deemed to serve national interest. Outsiders sense no awesome "invisible hand" but rather the sinister "covert hand" of a political and economic apparatus maintaining a system designed to benefit itself and its constituency.

Of course, the market theory in great part is a myth, but our critics are wrong when they impute hypocrisy to those who believe in it. All peoples, including our critics, have myths and operate within realities largely constructed by their own myth systems. The profound apprehension felt by many Americans at the notion of some new order is an amalgam of political and economic calculations, but at a deeper level we see these demands for change as a threat to the self and the reality which it has created. It should be no surprise, then, that in a country which almost celebrates its lack of agreement on foreign policy issues, there is an extraordinary consensus with regard to NEO.

The United States has emerged as the major international opponent of NEO. At U.N. headquarters in May and December 1974; at Lima in April 1975, and at Paris our representatives have been a shrinking minority. In Lima, we were quite alone, casting the single negative vote. Of course, many Western European states abstain or join the majority at these meetings for reasons of expedience; the United States unquestionably has sympathizers. But there are rather special international, ideological and domestic political reasons for our opposition.

In one sense, we, the Germans and the Japanese are the only real "international" traders. A substantial part of European trade follows patterns established in the colonial period. Many of the new states are still dependent upon and controlled in various ways by their former European masters. The latter, as one diplomat at the U.N. remarked dryly, "have *ways* of protecting their foreign investments." While the United States may enjoy the same sort of relationship in parts of Latin America, and plainly has the *apparat* to effect "ways," much of our trade has sought to penetrate the shadow empires of Europe or new areas. The laws of international trade, and particularly the protection of foreign investment from expropriation, are thus more important for us than for Europeans.

U.S. executive policy with regard to NEO is more uniform than may appear at first glance. The famous Kissinger-Schlesinger contretemps over arms to Israel during the Yom Kippur war was subsequently shown to be a phony, designed by the Secretary of State to increase his flexibility. As a result, observers are much more cautious in judging the extent to which publicized differences in the executive branch are real controversies, transient bureaucratic bickering, phases in the policy process, or a carefully orchestrated cacophony designed to give Kissinger the greatest possible flexibility in dealing with the Third World.

In NEO confrontations, the Treasury has been playing the villain. Traditionally one of the most conservative of government departments, it has been passionately opposed on the ideological level to any limitation of the free market, and on the practical level to any international arrangements which will cost us money or limit our future expectations of national profits and fiscal revenue. The State Department affects a concern for the "larger picture," for political ramifications and the potential that an economic issue presents for incorporation into some political package deal. Hence Secretary Simon has been caustically critical of NEO-related issues and Kissinger more tolerant and open. But on closer analysis, Kissinger's initiatives prove, at their most generous, to be rather modest increments to arrangements which we already control. Some, such as the speech to the Sea Conference last month, are sugar-coated threats; others, elaborate postponements, glamorous diversions or grandiose schemes for which necessary domestic and foreign support has not been canvassed.

This pattern of consensus may be traced to Capitol Hill and beyond. Congress has not yet expressed itself officially on NEO, but the general nationalistic tenor of the Trade Act of 1974 and, in particular, the sanctions imposed on states which participate in primary commodity cartels suggest little enthusiasm for a new order in the world marketplace. This estimate is supported by the interest-group activity that exerts pressure on both Congress and the executive. Multinational corporations are profoundly disquieted by the Charter of Economic Rights and Duties, particularly those provisions dealing with expropriation and compensation. They are also troubled by the provisions for technology transfer, which essentially mean surrendering the heretofore exclusive patents and trade secrets of advanced technology to competitors in the Third World. Petroleum and other extractive corporations are frightened by the burgeoning resource cartels. American labor unions have shown scant support for any innovation that appears to threaten American jobs.

Much of this apprehension derives from a novel but intensely held perspective: the popular image of the world is no longer an infinitely expanding organism but rather a claustrophobic spaceship with limited and increasingly overtaxed resources, distributed hereafter to the winners of zero-sum competitions (your win is my loss). And if the pie cannot be expanded and more people want a slice, then no matter how you arrange this calculation, the demands of NEO amount to a reduction of the U.S. wealth available for internal sharing. Liberal trade theories since the time of Ricardo have promised more for everyone through vigorous competitive exchange between those with comparatively different advantages. Hence the basic norm was "those who have should trade." NEO reverses this by arguing that trade must be designed to benefit those who do not have or, normatively, that "those who trade should help." In Oscar Schachter's pithy reduction, "needs are rights." That is a truly revolutionary doctrine, not only in terms of economic redistribution but in the structure and value system of production, efficiency and ultimately in the entire moral conception of the self. As a result, arguments for NEO cannot simply shift from the enlightened self-interest of 19th-century trade theory to a new doctrine of enlightened altruism. Our basic calculus of altruism is integrated with a deeply held theory of commercial exchange which is now under attack.

At its core, NEO is a profound challenge to our own

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ideology, and it was expected to arouse resistance. The great surprise has been the resistance mounted *within* NEO itself.

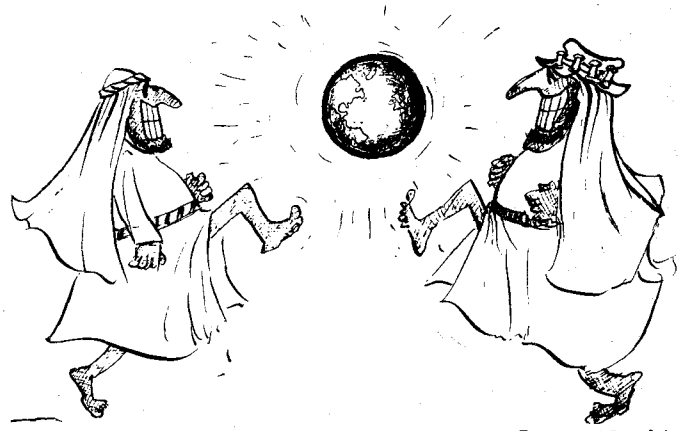
Genetic Defects

Political rhetoric is an important part of social change and political rhetoric is always couched in the most universal of terms: victories for *all* Americans, for *all* peoples, for *all* free nations; peace for *all* mankind—even, as Richard Nixon might have put it, forever. In fact, most of the political changes which history records as "universal" achievements actually benefited very small groups, strata or classes. Magna Carta did not provide liberty for *all* Englishmen: it took some powers from the Crown and gave them back to the nobility. The French Revolution rewarded primarily the urban bourgeoisie. The "New Deal" benefited those selected sectors of our society which had the good sense to become politically relevant; that third of America which desperately needed a new deal has yet to get one. All of these cases exemplify an iron law of social change: those who benefit first from large-scale mobilizations move to consolidate their gains and quickly become a conservative force, working against their former comrades in arms, who now threaten to take what they themselves have only recently acquired. Hence the rhetoric: the voice continues to be Jacob's but the hands become Esau's.

The New Economic Order, the international New Deal, may be emerging as one more example of the iron law. There is, indeed, a concentration of wealth, health and, in general, life opportunities in a small number of technical and science-based communities. Ranged against this minority are the poor of the world, sharing for the most part the experience of deprivation, the structures of traditional society and the hangover of colonial experience. But the shared experiences are more than balanced by conflicting interests and loyalties. For certain limited campaigns, the Third World is unified; for many others, it proves to be many worlds. At the moment, the whole Third World has been mobilized to secure a "new economic order." A question on which many are betting is the depth and duration of the alliance for this particular campaign.

A curious conjunction of economic needs in the industrial world and the fickleness of nature in distributing resources about the globe has made a few states comparatively wealthy. At the moment, the fourteen OPEC countries are getting rich and "doing justice" by getting rich. Perhaps another ten states favored with other necessary primary products will join the *nouveau petrole riche*. Seventy-some very poor states, still a majority of the world, will not have gained.

The political basis of OPEC's dazzling success is, in part, a result of the reciprocally induced paralysis of superpower politics: call it the balance of terror or, if you prefer to see things in a positive light, détente. A stand-off of the giants gives some of the smaller fellows latitude for movement. But an important, perhaps decisive, part of OPEC's political base is the continuing support of some seventy small countries, most of which have themselves been seriously if not disastrously hurt by the precipitous



Dunnett (Canada)

rise in the price of crude oil. The motives of these poorer countries are complex. In part, there is exaltation at the redress of justice. Europe, as Giscard d'Estaing tartly put it, is being repaid for the 19th century. In part, there is, as in all political processes, an element of intimidation. But part, and I think a large part, of the support stems from a belief in the solidarity of the poor, a belief that the OPEC countries will soon share the wealth and that the benefits of resource diplomacy will become the legacy of all the wretched of the earth. Thus the curious alliances at the abortive Paris conference in the spring of 1975: despite the entreaties of Western diplomatists that the poor countries were suffering petrolitis as much as, and perhaps more than, the West and Japan, the poor stood firmly with OPEC.

To date there has been very little to substantiate their expectations of solidarity. Aside from some easing of credit terms, OPEC countries have not selectively reduced oil prices for the Third World. Nor has foreign aid from the oil-rich come close to meeting needs and fulfilling expectations. Current Arab aid, for example, though greater as a percentage than the mean level of Western aid over the years, has been small in terms of Arab income and smaller still in terms of Third World needs. Considering the magnitude of the rise in oil prices and royalty shares, OPEC foreign aid cannot even be characterized as giving with one hand and taking with the other; it is predominantly a taking operation. In any case, it has been increasingly apparent that the traditional institution of foreign aid, even with the fractional increments of OPEC generosity, cannot meet the development needs of the poor countries. NEO is in large part a reaction against such traditional institutions.

Not a few of the *nouveau riche* nations are highly stratified, regressive societies, dominated by and benefiting a minuscule elite that is little disposed toward the social and political changes which would be wrought by a real distribution of values. The incongruity and hypocrisy are quite blatant when Saudi Arabia, Iran and Indonesia lead the chorus on social change and justice.

There are, moreover, profound systemic reasons for doubting the likelihood of a redistribution within the Third World. One of the complexities of the international process is the multiplicity of identity, loyalty and responsibility systems and the continuing competition among them. There are, to be sure, international identifications and

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some notions of loyalty to the entire community of mankind. But they are quite weak and with a most limited circle of adherents, compared to the loyalty felt to the nation-state and, in many parts of the world, to the extended family and the tribe.

A world of politically exclusive units is a world of anxiety, for members of each unit seek gains first for themselves, constantly fear encroachments, prepare for defense and by such preparation generate anxieties in other units. In this dynamic, internationalism is often no more than a veneer.

The political foundation of the New Economic Order involves no departure from this pattern. The declaration of May 1, 1974, which commences with a glowing review of the changes in world power, is framed almost entirely in nation-state terms. The Charter of Economic Rights and Duties, the handiwork of national political elites who were not about to put themselves out of business, quite predictably chooses strategies that emphasize national sovereignty and the increase of national power and autonomy. Even the style is revealing. Peremptory language in these documents is reserved for national power; cooperation between Third World countries and, particularly, help for the needier nations are usually couched in hortatory formulations.

There will be, indeed there is, a new economic order. The 19th-century liberal myth system of world trade has been challenged and new institutions for world production and distribution are a-borning. But the emerging reality looks to be quite different from the declaration of May 1974. There is a wealth shift to OPEC countries, but the new oil rich can only use a fraction of their revenues for internal development; hence they invest vast amounts in the industrial world, becoming what Robert Mabro has termed *états rentiers*. In addition, the major industrial powers are moving rapidly to conclude what amount to bilateral supply agreements with selected OPEC members. Given the style of international politics, it is not unreasonable to conjecture that the public bilateral accords are only the tip of the iceberg.

Since many of these agreements are, in effect, barter arrangements involving the transfer of unique industrial or military processes, their value can be overstated in a transaction. After all, what is the "market price" of the advanced intelligence and social control packages which the United States is selling to Iran and Saudi Arabia? In a cruel and ironic twist, a two-tier pricing system may well have been established—but in favor of the rich; it is quite likely that the industrial states are getting a better price on oil than are the Third World consumers.

NEO celebrates a redistribution of power, wealth and other values, but it is not going to be a terribly broad one. When the balance sheet is tallied, I believe that the basic pattern of unequal distribution will continue for many of the inhabitants of this globe. In *national* terms, perhaps twenty more states will register sharp increases in income. They, moving up, and some European states moving down, will compose a new international "middle class." But that is scant change, for the world is not a community of states; it is a community of people. NEO will not signify widespread *human* change. If the national income figures for many of these newly rich countries are disaggregated, it will be painfully apparent that much of the new wealth is concentrated in the hands of a very small elite and used in an extraordinarily sybaritic selfishness. Brazil, Iran, perhaps even Peru may become upper-middle-class states, but it will mean little or nothing to most Brazilians, Iranians and Peruvians.

More than seventy-five other national communities will pay a high political price for the privilege of participating symbolically and vicariously in the glories of NEO. To keep these "recidivist" poor in their place, stirring political rhetoric of social change will be necessary. Perhaps this should be viewed as a triumph of humanistic civilization. If you can't fill their bellies, it's generous and useful to numb their minds. □

America Seen from Gorky Street

YURI BROKHIN

The iron curtain has become full of holes. The actors crawl in and out, making faces at one another, keeping an eye on the reactions of the crowd, and reciting long monologues, aided by cues from the prompters. All would be in the best traditions of provincial theatre, except that the play is (or was until recently) called *Détente,* the actors are leaders of superpowers and the spectators number in the hundreds of millions. Many Russians were interested in seeing the play performed as far back as the cold war.

Twenty-five years ago, the walls of Russian houses vibrated at certain hours from a sound like the screech of dull saws and the buzz of drills. I heard these noises coming from the room of my neighbor, a mechanic. They pounded the apartment of my friend's father, a college professor. They deafened the ears of students, tailors, teachers and engineers. It was Russia trying to break through the cacophony of jamming to hear the *Voice of America.* The risk of being reported to the police (followed by a minimum of ten years in jail) failed to check the desire to learn about that mysterious monster beyond the sea that threatened to destroy the USSR.

By the early 1950s, the spirit of the wartime alliance was completely gone, and the younger generation had to view another world through a very narrow crack—a few

Yuri Brokhin is a Russian Jew who came to this country three years ago on a one-way ticket. In Moscow, he had been a screen and television director and writer. In 1973-74, he was a full-time lecturer at the State University of New York, Albany. He is at present at work on two books, Adventures of a Soviet Jew in America *and* Could the Russians Lose the Next Olympics? *His* Hustling on Gorky Street *is published by Dial Press.*

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dog-eared American films. For my friends and me, our idol became the hero of an American film called *The Fate of a Soldier in America.* We didn't know the actor's name, only his screen name: Eddie. The film's opening credits had been hacked off and replaced with a legend in Russian: "This film was seized by the Red Army as a trophy during the Battle of Berlin." The film rolled back and forth across the Soviet Union from 1948 until 1953, always playing to capacity audiences, and to the great profit of the authorities.

The film's hero is a demobilized soldier who comes home to America after World War I. It is the era of Prohibition; he becomes a prominent bootlegger and organizes a gangster syndicate. He is loved by a gorgeous blonde who sings a heartrending song, *Sleep, My Baby.* Battling with his competitors, Eddie deals out smashing right and left hooks. Fair-minded and brave, kind and strong, he dies picturesquely on the steps of a grand staircase, cut down by enemy bullets.

In school, we were shown patriotic films about guerrilla fighters of our own age blowing up Fascist trains. In case of a war with America, it was expected that we would imitate their heroism. But we, the absolute majority of Soviet youngsters in the early 1950s, would rather imitate Soldier Ed—his cold-blooded punches, his walk, his way of talking to girls, even his style of eating sandwiches.

Twenty years passed. The unpredictable roads of life led me to America. One evening I switched on the TV and to my amazement saw Soldier Ed, alive and well. He was gray, with the unexpectedly kindly smile of an old man. He sat surrounded by famous Hollywood stars who were honoring his 70th birthday. And now I learned the name of our boyhood idol. He was James Cagney. The famous "war trophy" was actually *The Roaring Twenties,* not *The Fate of a Soldier in America.* The Russian title had been thought up by some clever bureaucrat to insinuate to the audience what a lamentable fate awaited a simple soldier in the world of capitalism.

In the large resort town of Sochi, on the shore of the Black Sea, you will find a flea market. Once I watched a black marketeer sell blue denim suits there. As soon as he showed his wares, a circle of buyers formed around him. He had two suits, and without much negotiation, he sold each of them for 150 rubles (the equivalent, approximately, of $200). But one of the buyers, a tall Georgian of 25, came back to him and demanded: "Give me the one you've got on: I'll pay you double."

"Why?," asked the marketeer in amazement.

"You've got ten-year-old Levis. These are new and lack identification."

Any hot album of the Beach Boys or Elton John sells in Moscow for about $75. In recent years, Russian "khippies" have appeared on the streets of Kiev and Kharkov, Leningrad and Tbilisi. Their long hair has ceased to be a target for the police. Hard and soft pornography are being sold in many towns where, it used to be believed, "sexual revolution" meant a new method of crossbreeding livestock.

In the new bars which have sprung up like mushrooms, youngsters grooving on rock rhythms sip vodka and seltzer through straws, for lack of gin and tonic. Jaws chomping gum have become the identifying mark of the advanced teenager. Executives' daughters are eager to meet real live Americans. Anywhere in Russia, any American theatrical or musical troupe, sports team or exhibition, inevitably enjoys a smashing success.

Is all this just a fad, or a demonstration of the younger generation's views on life? Certainly, today's Soviet youth can hardly be compared with the American rebels of the late 1960s. But neither do they have much in common with the Young Red Guards of yesteryear, or the heroes of the Five-Year Plans, or even the pioneering developers of the Kazakhstan "virgin lands." When the propaganda machine clangs the cymbals and calls for volunteers to build the Siberian Baikal-Amur trunk line or a new giant Volga auto plant, they smile condescendingly and say: "Let the tractor work." These young people are neither for nor against Soviet power. They are simply indifferent to it.

All that they want is recognition of their own individuality. And since America symbolizes the spirit of individualism, they know more about it than about Russia. As children, they ran around the neighborhood playing a game called "Yankee Go Home." Today, they are willing to "go home with Yankee."

Two decades ago Americanophiles were harder to find, but they existed. Only instead of long hair, they had crew cuts, and instead of blue denims, baggy double-breasted suits. On their feet they sported gum-soled shoes, and they called themselves "stateniks" (*shtatniki,* from "State of America"). A few months ago, Andrei Vilenskii, an interior designer whom I knew from Leningrad, came to America with his wife and two children and settled in Queens. Now 44, he was once a young statenik nicknamed Andy. He recalls:

> We began in the Stalinist 50s, from boredom, of course. From the Stalinist grayness. First it was Jack London. We lived in his world up to the age of 16. Then it was Theodore Dreiser, and for a long time, my hero was Frank Algernon Cowperwood. But the main discovery, the thing that really united us, was jazz. Every Sunday a bunch of us would meet at a friend's house to hear it. We'd sit on the floor, swaying from side to side. We didn't want any French or British imitations. We needed the hypnotic sounds of the American South, as interpreted by Basie, Armstrong, Gillespie, Gardner and Brubeck. . . . Naturally we wore only things labeled "Made in U.S.A.," and God knows, the trouble it cost us to get them in those years. We were Americans in everything, including street fights, knocking down our enemies by barreling into their stomachs with our crew-cut heads.
>
> Spiritually, all of us stateniks were dedicated servants of the Stars and Stripes. For me, my physical exit was only a question of time. And if I'd been offered 100 countries to choose from, I would still have come only to America. Now, of course, I'm finding a lot of the unexpected in this country. But that's as it should be. Over there, in Russia, America was a romantic dream. But it helped us to live, and that was beautiful.

It is not only the youth who have long been in a fever about America. Premier Nikita Khrushchev was also

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very sensitive to everything American. In the early 1960s, when I was working in the Donbass coal region, frequent meetings were held to discuss the Khrushchevian slogan, "Overtake and surpass America in the production of milk and meat!" Everyone talked energetically, but the speakers were concerned less with victory over America than with the question of how to find a piece of meat for their own borscht.

Failing to catch up with America either in milk or in meat, Khrushchev turned his energy to Americanizing the economy. For him, the "red book of wise sayings" became Prof. N. Tereshchenko's monograph, *Control Technology in the U.S.A.* Tereshchenko, son of a famous Russian millionaire in sugar refining, had lived in America for more than forty years. He was invited by Khrushchev to return to the USSR to help install the latest capitalist technology.

At Khrushchev's command, party instructors began drilling the contents of *Control Technology* into the brains of millions of technical workers. Soon I knew all 40 pages of the book by heart and could recite from it as from a poem by Pushkin. Linear programing rhymed in my head with time-flow diagraming, while the recommendations of Booth-Hamilton clicked neatly with the electric typewriters of Remington. Implementing the book's suggestions was somewhat more difficult. Tereshchenko envisioned computerized dispatcher panels, audio-visual hookups and entire conveyor systems. But where were these things to be had, when Russian electronic equipment still hissed, cracked, and blew its fuses, and cybernetics had only begun to be released from prisons a few years earlier?

Let it never be said that money was begrudged to the coal industry of the Soviet Union. Khrushchev ordered equipment to be bought from America at any cost. Soon the multicolored lights of a gigantic control panel twinkled merrily down in our mine, cable-TV screens lit up, and an amplified communications network tied in even the remotest sectors of the mine. All this magnificence lasted just long enough to cut the red ribbon. Within a week, half the signal lights on the control panel were out, then the TV screens went dark. In half a year, the equipment was beyond repair and beginning to rust. Only the amplified communications network still held, and the mine director used it from morning until night conversing with his subordinates, mostly in the Russian equivalent of four-letter words.

But however vulgar and crude were Khrushchev's methods of administering the Soviet economy, they laid the foundation. At that time the teaching of English became obligatory in all schools, and there even appeared schools where instruction was conducted solely in English. "Channel 4" of Central Television-USSR began broadcasting daily English lessons. To obtain their diplomas, seniors graduating from the higher technical colleges were required to write solid outlines of their theses in English. The reports of Soviet specialists who had spent time in America were distributed up and down the universities and institutes as fast as they appeared.

In the mid-1960s, a new generation now known as the "technocrats," began to dominate the Soviet economy. One such technocrat was my acquaintance, Viktor S. At 42, he is one of the leaders of the Soviet coal industry, a deputy to the Supreme Soviet of the USSR and a Hero of Socialist Labor. Viktor has already made two trips to America. Cynical and somewhat flamboyant, he wears Brooks Brothers suits, a Bulova watch, shaves with a Gillette, and listens to music on a Fisher. Naturally, he has no thought of making a revolution in Russia, and in general has no time for ideological struggles. He is a Soviet business executive. "I know nothing about meat and milk," he declares, "but as for producing coal, I'll be glad to compete with the Americans any day." His tone carries a certain respect for his opponents on the playing field, but no suggestion of dislike for the "class enemy."

Since the Soviet system of higher education has been turning out from 700,000 to 1 million like Viktor S. every year for the past fifteen years, it is easy to understand that they now form an entire new social class. Among them are many with party cards, but their common idol is American technology, not the ideas of Marx and Lenin.

For the time being, this American-oriented dinosaur, nourished by the Soviet regime, is diligently working only on technical projects. But what if the clumsy Socialist economic system begins to block the logical development of all this tehnology? Will the dinosaur—rebel?

A decade ago, the propaganda image of America in the Soviet media was based on the "contrasts of capitalism." One got the impression that Soviet journalists arriving in New York first dove into the cesspools of the slums, then went to wash off in the swimming pools of Long Island. In the last three years, both the tone and content of the media image have changed. Recently, Radio Moscow informed its listeners that "George Washington is linked with the beginning of good neighborly relations between Russia and the great American nation," that, in fact, "the beginning of cooperation between Russia and the United States dates back to the War of Independence."

At present, Soviet newspapers emphasize the idea of a "quarantine" détente, under which arms will be reduced, friendship of the peoples will be developed, and "interference in the internal affairs of the Soviet Union will cease." (However, the United States, the presumably interfering party, is not mentioned by name.)

America is represented to the Russians as a country divided into two camps. The "overwhelming majority," led by President Ford and Secretary Kissinger, support détente, by whatever name. The minority, headed by Jackson, that "unthawed knight of the cold war," the Zionists and the military-industrial complex oppose it. On Capitol Hill there are a few other bad guys, like Senators Javits and Ribicoff, but a lot of good guys, like Senators Mansfield, Kennedy, Scott, Mondale and Church (especially Church, who made it possible for the Soviet media to nail up the pelt of CIA "wolf," while diverting attention from the local KGB "lamb"). Such popular headlines as "Meeting on the Elbe," "Handshake in Space" and "The Pulse of Détente" have driven out old heavies like "Stopping the American Aggressors," "Adventurists in the Pentagon," and "Racists from Alabama."

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Wall Street, for half a century the "nest of predators and imperialist sharks," has emerged as a community of "sober-minded" businessmen. While the Russian newspaper reader is not told where the grain for his bread is coming from this year, there are many news stories about the economic woes of the United States. These stories are not blatantly anti-American, and are provided only for home consumption, to prove there is no place in the world happier than the Soviet Union. But that is precisely what Soviet citizens are not so sure about.

Fifty-eight years of brainwashing have created a sort of anti-propaganda chamber in each citizen's head. Now even truthful stories about America are regarded as fishy. Russians would rather believe what "one babushka said" ("O.B.S."). For example: "Good for Kennedy! He gave Khrushchev a fat lip" ("O.B.S." on the Cuban missile crisis, 1962).

"Kosygin told Johnson: 'We'll stay out of Vietnam if you keep your nose out of Czechoslovakia' " (on the Czechoslovakian occupation, 1968).

"Ford scored past Brezhnev with the Arabs" (on the Israeli-Egyptian agreement, 1975).

Such scandalous events in recent American life as Watergate, electronic eavesdropping and the opening of mail bring out condescending smiles and comments like: That's the one field where we outstrip America; we've had it since 1917.

While multimillion-dollar subsidies to the Communist regimes of Cuba, North Vietnam, Portugal and the East European satellites are justified with "we'll feed our brothers until we lose our shirts," the "O.B.S." view of America is full of respect for the "wealthiest country in the world."

Wealth: no matter how paradoxical it may seem for a Communist country, that is the stimulus that drives both the leaders and the common people of Russia. The main slogan of Soviet propaganda: "Everything for man, for the complete fulfillment of his material and cultural needs!," has simply come down to the invitation: "Enrich yourselves!"

It is doubtful that the concept of social ownership of property, so fundamental to socialism, will ever be revised, or that Soviet society will ever turn into a consumer society on the American model, or that any amount of "convergence" will eliminate the conflicts between the two systems. But one thing is obvious—Russia today is already closer to capitalist America, which it can understand, than to Communist China, which it finds enigmatic, dangerous and unattractive.

There is no Gallup poll in Russia. Instead, people improvise their own means of social analysis. In this regard, the image of America has given rise to some curious phenomena. A few years ago, the Leningrad Dramatic Theatre presented a play, *The Truth! Nothing But the Truth!*, which showed how in 1918 communism was put on trial in the United States Senate. Externally, the play seemed to conform to Soviet standards. Senate witnesses testified on the atrocities of Communist terrorism, while the leading actor stood aside and commented on the proceedings, exposing all the testimony as slander. The play's main idea was that Soviet communism survived, despite the rabid attacks of its enemies. But whether by the author's intention, or by the interpretation of the play worked out by the director and the actors, the audience expressed obvious sympathy for the U.S. Senate, applauding the testimony of the witnesses and reacting to the commentator's refutations with silence.

That same year, a Russian musical based on *Jesus Christ Superstar* was presented at the Stanislavsky Theatre. The show, supposedly intended to expose the immorality of the American youth, spilled into a triumphal affirmation of rock music, long hair and collective convulsions. A denunciation of the American way of life turns into propaganda for it, propaganda falling on only too fertile ground.

As is well known, Russia has no anti-government demonstrations: students do not throw bricks; union members do not picket in the streets. Russians express such impulses by lining up for blocks to view any American exhibit being presented in Sokolniki Park in Moscow. Of course, they are curious to behold the technological achievements of America, but you can also see in their eyes an impudent self-mockery which says: "Well, let's take a look at how America is rubbing our noses in the dirt." The people in the long lines include very few dissidents, and they would hardly protest openly at anything whatsoever. But, they feel, why not kick the authorities in the ass with a perfectly legal visit to an American exhibit? A small thing, but pleasant. For the real dissidents, like Sakharov, Solzhenitsyn, Bukovskii and Amalrik, publication in the American press has become the chief means by which to fight for their ideas.

Jewish emigration from the USSR has begun, thanks to American efforts. But all 3 million Soviet Jews cannot leave the country, and many simply do not wish to. Their situation is deteriorating, anti-Semitism is intensifying, and discrimination is increasing. There remains only America to support their human rights. An article entitled "No Parking," by Grigorii Baklanov, appeared in the Soviet journal *Novi Mir* in 1971. In it, the author relates his impressions of America:

"Americans know how to work well and they are full of resilience" . . . "they take pride in what they make with their own hands, although their income does not require it of them" . . . "a General Motors worker receives four times as much salary as the highest-paid worker in Japan" . . . [the Americans] "know what time is worth" [and] "they love their children and try to give them a reserve of strength from their earliest years."

That same November of 1971, a book by Mikhail Alekseev gave his impressions of a visit to America. His book's main discovery turned out to be an American translator, a Mr. Crimbold, who was not only a Jew (the first crime) but a millionaire to boot (the second crime).

Grigorii Baklanov is a liberal and Mikhail Alekseev is a conservative. The government understands this perfectly well, and sent them to America at the same time for precisely that reason. Thus the balance is preserved in the game with domestic intellectuals: Grigorii Baklanov's rose-colored glasses can be put on to view Mikhail Alekseev's dark picture of America. For if America is painted too black, what is the use of trying to develop Soviet-American friendship?

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Historically, Russian society has been united in wartime under the flag of patriotism. Peacetime has been characterized by ferment and the search for truth and national identity. These tendencies are now being reflected in the arguments between the new Westernizers and the new Slavophiles. Sometimes the discussions appear in veiled form in newspapers and journals, more rarely at university meetings, and most frequently of all at conferences around the kitchen table between bouts of beer and vodka. These alcohol-flavored gatherings have one thing in common: everybody curses the authorities. But the Westernizers offer America as the model of the future society, while the Slavophiles seek something less cosmopolitan and more Russian. It is hard to say who will win. Most likely it will be a third version, different from both, under which the Soviet Union will probably catch up to the United States economically by the end of the 20th century, but the political system will remain essentially the same. If Russia could survive 400 years under the Golden Horde of Genghis Khan, what's wrong with a couple of centuries more under Soviet communism?

The question of the free flow of people, information and ideas has become the testing ground for détente. It is no longer possible to hide behind a paper volcano of diplomatic agreements, whether signed in Moscow or Washington, Geneva or Helsinki. The Soviet leaders are faced with persistent demands from America and the entire West to demonstrate the sincerity of their signatures.

In 1973, 9,000 Soviet citizens visited the United States; 90,000 American citizens visited the Soviet Union in the same period of time. However, even the figure of 9,000 Soviet visitors must be viewed from the perspective of what a Soviet tourist delegation consists of (individual tourism is nonexistent). For the most part, a Soviet delegation is composed of factory workers and collective farmers, who are given a trip to America as a government reward for valorous labor.

When a good girl like, let us say, Masha Petrova the weaver, comes to New York City she is not especially thrilled by the Museum of Modern Art. And sheepherder Kolya Ivanov is not enraptured by the Metropolitan Opera. He would rather play dominoes in the hotel room. Once I asked a "Masha" and "Kolya": "Why did you come to America?" The answer was: "We don't know. They just sent us."

On the other hand, the intelligentsia and many of the urban youth who would be willing to "see America and die," have virtually no chance of visiting here. If an ordinary person in Moscow today came in off the street to the Office of Visas and Registration and announced: "I'd like to take a trip to New York," he would be regarded as mentally ill.

The development of mutual tourist exchange is hampered by various ideological factors, such as: (*1*) defections, (*2*) corrupting influences, and (*3*) half the USSR may decide to travel. Yet all these may be outweighed by a purely economic factor: lack of hard currency.

True, allowing Soviet currency to float freely to its market level would be tantamount to suicide. But there is a possible solution: withdraw from the budget some of the hard currency intended for use in subversive actions around the globe and, presto!, it becomes possible to match one's partner and send 90,000 Soviet tourists to the United States.

Lately, the *Voice of America* has been permitted to broadcast freely to Russian cities. Once the microphones of this network launched juicy audio club steaks, now they send high-frequency audio-hamburgers. The network's policy is understandable: any attempt to deepen and broaden the programs will once again be considered as "interference in the internal affairs . . ." and will be jammed.

No doubt, Russians would like to know what is going on in America, but they would also have no objections to finding out a little bit more about what's going on in their own country. Both such desires could be fulfilled by reading American newspapers. But those papers are assigned to a special reading room of the Central Library in Moscow, where they are guarded by a plain-clothes man with an automatic revolver.

Perhaps American newspapers will indeed appear on the newsstands of Gorky Street some day. It could happen when American publishers promise the Kremlin not to print any columns under headings like "Protest by Sakharov" or "Harassment of Dissidents."

The Soviet journalist I. Geevskii suggests that each American newspaper find room to cover the achievements of the USSR. He points out a recent report by UPI about Soviet governmental rewards for valorous labor. "This fact," says Geevskii, "provided a splendid opportunity to tell about the situation of workers in the Soviet state, yet one newspaper (*The Washington Post*) limited itself to seventeen lines."

The Soviet journalist's main cause of concern was the American reader, who is "given short rations." Mr. Geevskii neglected to note that any hungry American can freely purchase *Pravda* or *Izvestia*, and if he can't read Russian, he can still find *Soviet Life* or *Moscow News*.

A delegation of Soviet film makers came to New York recently. At a press conference, the leader of the delegation, Prof. Sergei Komarov of the Moscow Film Institute, invited American producers to buy Soviet films. Mr. Komarov reported that incomparably more American films are shown in the USSR than Russian films in the United States. He did not mention that this is so because otherwise half the Soviet movie theatres would have to close. But if not even enough Russians want to see the heavy ideological fare now dominating the Soviet Union, how can such works compete on the free American market?

Meanwhile, the play *Détente* proceeds . . . the actors are coming out . . . the curtain is raised.

Let's watch. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Bicentennial Reflections (Part IV)

EMILE CAPOUYA

This is the final section of an essay, earlier portions of which appeared in The Nation *in the issues of March 13, April 10 and May 15.*

For every man that Bolingbroke hath prest
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel.

My colleagues had lived through the student uprising of a few years back, in which a good deal of incivility, malicious mischief and downright nastiness was mixed in with the civic passion of their young charges. It must have seemed to them at times that a wild beast was loose in the academy. And of course the beast exists, though we do not usually look to find him active among the children of that privileged order, the middle class. But surely the disturbances of those days scarcely explain a refusal, on the part of professional thinkers, to entertain candidly my Jacobin suggestions. The ethic of their calling required very different conduct of them. A new idea, or an old idea exhibited in a new light, may well strike us as hateful, but intellectuals are required to have steady nerves.

Some dozen years ago, when the word "ecology" was familiar only to scientific specialists, a friend proposed to me that we think of organizing a modest symposium of persons interested in social questions. Indeed, he had only three people in mind—the two of us, and a well-known economist who had written some noteworthy books in which he had speculated about the future of our social system. We all met at lunch to discuss the possibility of discussion.

The economist was friendly but firm. He was at work on another book, and would be interested only in questions bearing on his theme. What did we have in mind? Well, idiots first, so my friend said, "Emile, here, wants to examine the social costs of our kind of technology. That is, the waste of natural resources, pollution of the environment—"

"Look," said the economist—and his tone reminded me of Mark Twain's outburst at the Hartford Light and Power Company: "Gentlemen, you are driving me to the *verge* of irritation"—"Look, I have no patience with proposals to bring back the horse." Six or seven years later, new information must have come in, for the same man published a book, and a good one, about the destructive social effects of our technology. Very much to his credit, as far as I am concerned. But at the time of our agapastic lunch, he wasn't running on all eight cylinders, and that sort of thing looks bad in an intellectual.

Nevertheless, there is some excuse for a man whose chosen work has been interrupted by two callow seekers after truth. Newly roused from his dreams, he misses an easy catch—nothing more natural. I know that at the time my friend thought us both well rebuked by the great man, me for my sullen retrograde notions, and himself for having been foolish enough to countenance them out of affection for me. (Since then my friend has fallen into evil ways and perpetrated a tasteless libel on the 20th century, a book that says harsh things about the hierarchical organization of the labor process in our industrial society. But angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.) No, I can forgive the economist whose contemplations we interrupted; the participants in the conference on "Private Rights and the Public Good" are another thing.

A meeting of that kind is by tradition the occasion for compliment and ceremony, but also for discussion. In Ed Fisher's cartoon, two Southern Colonels sip long drinks on the veranda while, in the middle distance, robots move through the cotton fields. "You know what I miss?" says a Colonel. "That soft, sweet singing—that's what I miss." My case exactly. The conference was in session a matter of five hours, and during that time many observations were offered, but as far as I remember my responses to only two of these were dignified with a reply. Till at last I declared that I had felt the usual auctorial misgivings at the start of the day, but by this time I was in love with my essay, simply mad about it.

Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy
Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.

But why should it have happened that way? Dick Deadeye says, "Nice day, isn't it?" and a synod of scholars answers in chorus, "Oh, horrors!" I think there is a lesson in it.

I had observed in my essay that the theory of the demographic limits of direct democracy, propounded by Montesquieu and popularized in our country by *The Federalist*, was sound common sense—during the 18th century. The claim that no larger polity could sustain direct democracy than one whose enfranchised members might all assemble at once in the agora, as was the case in ancient Athens, does not have the same force 200 years later. Conference and consultation among all the citizens at once is technically quite feasible today. It would be morally feasible too if the precondition for that were also met—or were simply regarded as desirable. The precondition is the will to community.

Direct democracy is a pressing issue now, in the light of the long experience we have had with its substitute, representative institutions. These have proved a disappointment. Among us, they are the machinery of oligarchy, and have acted as a mighty solvent of community. If, as I have suggested, the only communion Americans can envisage is the communion of equals, then a system that is itself the source of social and political inequality, making the agents superior, *de facto*, to the principals—the representatives superior to the people—is designed to defeat the possibility of community. That system puts a practical monopoly of political initiative in other hands than those of the people. Its aim is not to discharge the public business as the public might want it discharged, but to rule—with some color of legitimacy.

Now, the reasonable answer to remarks like these is the obvious one, and of course it has already been given in classic form: "Your people, sir, is a great beast." I find that answer most objectionable, but perfectly relevant. However, a very different one was proposed, and seemed to enjoy general acceptance, at the conference on "Private Rights and the Public Good."

I had argued in effect that it would be a good idea to give America back to the Americans, alleging that our rulers, governmental and corporate, had made such a mess of things that any discussion of privacy in terms that did not imply the necessity for social and political revolution betokened either holy innocence or a gift for satire. The answer came from one of the professors who had had a distinguished career in the government service—in the course of which he had acquired his prepossession in favor of U-2 flights—and it went like this: Everyone, of course, looks back with longing to those simpler times when political realities bore some relation to the Jeffersonian ideal of a free citizenry, minimal government, and effective local power. But present-day problems are overwhelming in their scope and complexity.

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How could we hope to deal with the dreadful problem of "stagflation," for example, by any other means than a government wielding enormous and concentrated power?

This demonstration, so Hamiltonian—up to a point—and offered in apparent good faith, set my soul in turmoil. I am sorry to say that the most trivial aspect of the knockdown Q.E.D. was the one that struck me most forcibly. It was the word "stagflation." Anyone with an ear for the music of our language knows that this happy coinage is congratulating itself upon its cleverness. Having expressed with such point the seeming oddity of rising prices (inflation) coincident with depressed business activity (stagnation), it has done its work. So have the persons who employ it. It is a law of our nature that no one can say "stagflation" and maintain any disposition to deal with the troubles it claims to identify. It would be interesting to know who invented it. Not an economist, one is permitted to hope. Economists are supposed to know how businessmen customarily react to a shrinking market—they restrict production and raise prices. Perhaps it was the fellow who invents the jokes, and the mushrooms after the rain.

In any case, anyone with an ear knows that "stagflation" means: "I have professionalized this subject, and hope to derive a salary from it. Like any honest specialist, I shall keep my specialty in good health as long as it pays." So much is clear. As it happened, I had reason to know that the man who used the word in this instance has an ear. I could only imagine that he supposed his hearers were not encumbered in that way. And it may well be that any scratch team of distinguished American scholars habitually leaves its ears in the cloakroom with other dangerous weapons. I had had the surprise of discovering, at the high tide of the integration movement during the Kennedy years, that many of my friends—distinguished, it is true, only by my love for them, as I by theirs for me—had no ear to tell them that the persons who willingly sang *We Shall Overcome* were announcing with that dirge their own political defeat. Or more accurately, their inability to specify wherein defeat for their ideals might differ from victory. Had they been serious they would have adopted some ballad better fitted to stir the blood—say, *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*. The wailing of *We Shall Overcome* at a demonstration promptly unstrung my muscles, so I knew that the singers were in a state of blissful relaxation, and ready—as the Kennedy administration made a few passes and said, "Your eyelids are getting heavy. . ."—to sink into a dreamless sleep. But my earless friends thought I was making a pronouncement of *taste*, God save the mark, when I said, "Not this time, not this crowd," and were offended that I should be so frivolous. History, however, depends on just such small matters. That is why the next significant attempt to achieve social decency in this country had to be made by a suicide squadron, the Black Panthers.

So, I was cruelly disconcerted by the speaker's coming out with "stagflation." But beyond the themes that the term itself announced was the interesting claim that government alone could save our bacon. I thought at once of the story of the man who had murdered his parents and at his trial asked for clemency on the ground that he was an orphan. But let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven! I said as gently as might be that it was possible we had painted ourselves into a corner so that we could appeal only to government—that is, had rendered ourselves politically impotent and forced to invoke the *deus ex machina*, the man on horseback, the bureaucracy. But that seemed nevertheless a desperate solution, since the government must have played some role in the onset of "stagflation." Was it not the highest expression of the vectors of force that had produced rising prices and falling employment? I might have added, if the government is innocent, where has it been all this time? There are two possibilities. Either it is complicit and corrupt, or it is innocent and impotent. In neither case can it be reasonable to appeal to it for help. That is, unless one happens to be a member of the mandarinate that is called upon by government to fiddle with such problems and talk plausibly while doing so. But one trusts that present company cannot be so described. In my short lifetime, I have heard six Presidents declare, "The economy is basically sound." I was slow to get the point, but I have it at last. The economy is always basically sound, and never more than when people appear to be suffering from what looks like its rottenness. It is one of the President's chief functions to clear up any misconceptions on that head, and he does so on the basis of suggestions offered by the mandarinate aforementioned.

There was, as I recall, no rejoinder to the remarks I did make. But it was well along in the day by this time, and, as if the events of the preceding hours had suddenly crystallized for me around "stagflation" and the appeal to Almighty Government, I saw all at once that I had quite missed the tenor of the discussion. I had felt bewildered and hurt on my own account, as if I had been subjected to unmerited discourtesy, but it is almost always a mistake to imagine that public debate bears on personalities rather than interests. I saw that the responses of the conferees, wild and whirling though I had found them, had in fact been of a piece. It might be saying too much to call those responses principled, but they were at least consistent. And not Mother's little boy but something of far greater consequence had been at issue. I said, Scotland, my hope ends here.

The men and women around me were a fair sample of the trained intelligence of the nation—my pique at the manhandling they had given my pitifully mild suggestions could not disguise that fact. Nor could I take refuge in disparaging their character. Some of them, as I have confessed, had had the shaping of mine. From them I learned a good part of my values. And I am no great self-despiser, so I had to take seriously their

AT THE OCEAN

There is space to measure fish,
space to measure air.

The grapefruit in its wicker basket
is waiting, waiting.

The stars thin out, the river lifts
jewels of reflection into the aging sky.

Sand empties the mind of ambition.
There is nothing that can be arranged
or bartered.

Shells smooth themselves back toward sand.
Seaweed awakens the waves to their own
monotonous strength.

Black nettles are confused and limp
in their glistening nests.

Two blue heron, like storm-stripped palms,
walk to circles the glassy shallows.

Tom McKeown

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judgment on the propositions I had put before them—once I understood that it was a judgment. And since that time, therefore, I have felt in some sort bereaved of my country. Though I know well enough that this is my country, and those men and women my countrymen.

As I look back on the day I walked into the buzz saw, the shock of it is scarcely diminished, but the drama has taken on a shape that is somewhat more artistic and edifying. At the time, I did not know what I was doing. Now I have an inkling, and that is enough to restore the order of nature to an event that would otherwise wear for me the air of lawless catastrophe. I do not think I can explain it directly, but perhaps the reader who has followed through four numbers of *The Nation* this account of an episode of my belated education, will allow me some further indirection.

There are appeals that are irresistible. Many years ago, during the Second World War, when my friend Burt and I were two young seamen, we saw a notice recruiting for what was described as dangerous service. The details offered were sketchy. The language was highly colored, and the tone perfervid to the point of unconscious comedy—as we were perfectly aware. Indeed, the notice ended with the words, "The faint of heart need not apply." I said, "Come on, Burt."

My friend came along willingly enough. He was much more sensible than I. He still is. But the seductions of that advertisement were addressed not to sense but to youth. And he was young.

There are appeals that are irresistible, and some of these may be negative, repulsion rather than attraction. To set down the thing in shorthand, my colleagues at the conference on "Private Rights and the Public Good" understood in their marrow that the following sequence describes a declining arc: Roosevelt, Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon. Morally, intellectually, any other way. But most of them were content to leave to chance, or perhaps to the efficacy of prayer, the business of reversing the direction of that parabola. Not out of cynicism but out of profound discouragement. At this moment some of those men and women are preparing to vote for the Republican nominee for President, and some for his opposite-number-designate among the Democrats. Such a course does violence to their patriotism.

The Spaniards say, in the house of the hanged man, one doesn't mention rope. Apparently, in the paper, "Privacy and Autonomy," whose very title had been given me by the organizers of the conference, I had said seizing-stuff, small-stuff, gantline, hawser, and plough-steel cable. I had written it, in the innocence of egotism, to ease my shame at being a recreant American, no fit heir of the men who set this experiment afoot. But in easing my shame I had touched the shame of my fellow professors. That was no common injury.

With regard to education, a last anecdote. In college, one of my classmates was some years younger than the average, and had missed the war. For that reason I was inclined to condescend to him. I ran into him on the campus one day and asked, patronizingly, what he had been doing to amuse himself. He said he had been writing poetry. "That's a laugh," I said to myself, and to him, "Let's hear it." He told me his poem was about a young woman who was entering the convent, and he recited:

I have desired to be where springs not fail,
In fields where falls no sharp and sided hail,
And a few lilies blow.

My spine shivered. I made him repeat the lines. He did, in a flat voice. I told him he was a poor stick and couldn't possibly know what he had written, but that he had a genius for poetry. I ordered him to recite further. He said he couldn't remember just how it went on, but he had a lot of stuff like that scribbled in a notebook at home. I told him he must preserve all of it. I offered to type it up for him. I said, "She's going to be a bride of Christ, and I don't know where you find the stuff but all her words refer to the Gospels. 'Where springs not fail'—do you remember the parable of the woman at the well, and Jesus asks her to draw water for him, and tells her after he has drunk, 'Whoso drinketh of this water shall thirst again, but there is a living water, and whoso drinketh thereof shall never thirst,' and she says to him, 'Master, give me of that water that I may thirst no more.' And 'sharp and sided hail.' That's a metaphor for the hail of slings and arrows that afflicts human life, but also, by metathesis, a reference to the spear that the Roman soldier thrust into the side of Jesus. I don't know where you get these things. And the lilies—'Consider the lilies of the field: they toil not, neither do they spin. And yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.' I can't believe it. You have an amazing gift."

I heard later how my classmate made merry over me for being so ignorant that I didn't recognize Gerard Manley Hopkins. And I thought him a boor for tricking me, and a fool for not seeing that my response to his plagiarism showed that I wasn't so ignorant as not to recognize a splendid poem. I failed to see myself that he had gotten the lines by heart because he too knew they were beautiful. So, though we were both of us fools and boors, it wasn't

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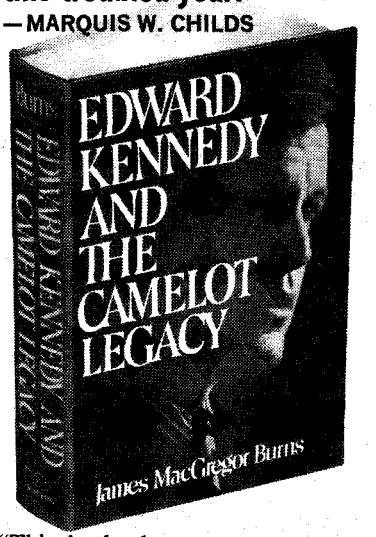

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on the ground that we assigned.

Something of the kind happened to me at the conference on "Private Rights and the Public Good." I was invited there to suggest what contribution the humanities might make to clarifying the issues involved in "privacy" and "autonomy." I was invited, in other words, to impersonate the humanities, to speak for them. As I have recounted, my headstrong resolution was that I would do no such thing. I would not be parochial but ecumenical. Nothing that I might say would smell of the lamp, everything would be addressed *en clair* to the men and women at the meeting, so that it might come home to their business and bosoms. But I was a fool to think so. For alas, I do profess the humanities as a specialty, get my living from them—live, indeed, somewhat at their expense. And when asked for an opinion on "privacy" and "autonomy," I speak in the only way I can, as a man who is nourished by the humanities, in all senses, advantageous and disadvantageous, and who has come to incarnate them. They asked Thomas Mann in exile, "What will become of German culture?" He said, "Where I am, there is German culture." We are comparing great things with small, but the cheese mite smacks of the cheese. Where I am, there are the humanities, in ways not necessarily flattering to either party; and in my person they addressed the conferees. With marvelous unsuccess. In my person they said, "Ladies and gentlemen, put your money where your mouth is. Or failing that, the other way round. But do get the two of them together." That was awkward of the humanities.

Once, on the subway, I heard this exchange between two young men who were wearing stockbroker's hats, one of them leafing through the evening paper:

"I see that a fellow in Spanish Harlem killed his wife and his sister, and then stabbed himself."

"And how is he doing?"

"His condition is described as dead."

"Ah. Not much hope for him, then?"

"Not until Easter."

The wit is a thought cold-blooded, but it does tell me in what guise the humanities might have presented themselves more happily at the conference on "Private Rights and the Public Good." They were welcome as long as they were an academic specialty whose condition could be described as dead. Even dead and transfigured—that is, decorative and decorous. And lo, instead they were of the earth earthy, concerned with the price of eggs and with who runs the show. It was an exhibition of the worst manners. The humanities should have been waiting for Easter, not speaking through the living man. □

Mortal Coils

MEDICAL NEMESIS: The Expropriation of Health. *By Ivan Illich. Pantheon Books. 304 pp. $8.95.*

PETER DREYER

In the United States, the traditional watershed separating the horse-and-buggy doctor from the age of scientific medicine is the celebrated Flexner Report of 1910, with its extensive critique of standards of medical education and its call for the "creation of a public opinion which shall discriminate between the ill trained and the rightly trained physician." For some sixty years afterward, the stock of the medical profession rose steadily, while its incentives paradoxically came to combine the status of self-sacrificing folk hero with unprecedented and ever increasing pecuniary rewards. This is still largely the case, witness the image of medicine purveyed by current TV programming.

But it has gradually become apparent that there is something grievously wrong in the sanctified clinics of the West. The complex issue of malpractice (see "Practice —and Malpractice: The Medical Insurance Disease" by George A. Silver, M.D., *The Nation*, March 27) is only one aspect of the problem. Despite spiraling costs—in 1975 Americans spent some $95 billion on health care, about 8.4 per cent of the GNP, up from 4.5 per cent in 1962—there has been no appreciable improvement in public health. In fact, Ivan Illich notes, the life expectancy of adult American males is actually on the decline. For most, what is conceived of as optimum health care is an ever receding mirage. "A popular American aphorism purports that only the middle class suffers from inadequate medical care: the rich provide for themselves and government provides for the poor," says Dr. C. Arden Miller, president of the American Public Health Association. "A careful review of available data suggests that no part of the aphorism is true; even the rich have difficulty gaining access to medical care."

At the same time, an expanding minority of the public has grown skeptical of the claims of scientific medicine as such, and deeply distrustful of doctors' motives into the bargain. Not unreasonably so. A Congressional subcommittee reported recently that some 2.38 million needless surgical operations had been performed in the United States during 1974, resulting in about 11,900 unnecessary deaths. The cost to the public was estimated at almost $4 billion, of which more than $1 billion was spent for unnecessary surgery performed on Medicaid and Medicare patients. Presumably, too, the Congress' view of what constitutes a necessary operation is a fairly broad one. Meanwhile, increasingly drug-oriented physicians, enthusiastically abetted by a pharmaceutical industry whose profits for fifteen years exceeded those of all other manufacturing industries listed on the stock exchange, write something like 2½ billion prescriptions annually in this country alone. One consequence is that so-called "adverse drug reactions" rank among the top ten causes of hospitalization, and are held accountable for as many as 50 million hospital-patient days a year. Other varieties of iatrogenic ("doctor-caused") illness account for millions more. The Department of Health, Education, and Welfare has estimated that 7 per cent of all patients sustain compensable injuries while hospitalized, though most do nothing about it. University hospitals are among the worst. One in five patients admitted to a typical research hospital acquires a disease there, and of these one case in thirty leads to death. "Despite good intentions and claims to public service, a military officer with a similar record of performance would be relieved of his command, and a restaurant or amusement center would be closed by the police," Illich observes.

The medical profession is conscious of the growing gap in its credibility. A poignant statement of the contemporary doctor's dilemma appeared not long ago in the *New England Journal of Medicine*. "The preoccupation with a medical profession that appears more mechanical and less human grows each day," lamented Dr. Ralph Crawshaw, of Portland, Ore.

> For me, I have had enough, a surfeit of these problems, moral and mechanical, which indicate that physicians, like it or not, are becoming less human under the sway of a Frankenstein technology and a Faustian government. I do not know precisely when life begins or ends, nor care to use an electroencephalographic machine, or any other device to hide my ignorance. In fact I know precious little about the technology of morality, when to transplant a heart or who should and who should not have renal dialysis; and perhaps strangely, I have few expectations of mastering this modern blight, notwithstanding the storm of papers, the glare of programs, and din of talks demanding clarification of great ethical issues.

Despairing of any broad solution, Dr. Crawshaw appeals for an assertion of at least rudimentary humanism in medicine. This he sees as by no means a one-way

Peter Dreyer's latest book is his biography of Luther Burbank, A Gardener Touched with Genius (*Coward, McCann & Geoghegan*).

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"professional" street. "How the patient communicates his self-concept predetermines much of his treatment," he notes significantly.

Ivan Illich makes no bones about it. The medical establishment itself must now be regarded as a major threat to health. He insists, moreover, that no amount of mere housecleaning will make any difference. The search for equity in medicalization is a dangerous blind alley. In his analysis the Russian, Swedish and English systems of socialized medicine are quite as pathogenic as capitalist medicine, which differs chiefly in providing less equal access. (It is noteworthy that an earlier version of this book which appeared in England was remarkably well received by reviewers in the *Lancet* and the *British Medical Journal*; *The Nation* printed a favorable review of that edition in its issue of June 21, 1975.) His call is for nothing less than the disestablishment of institutional medicine as such.

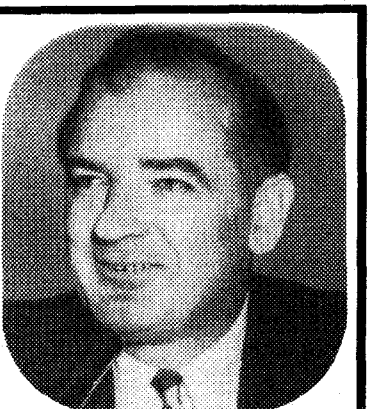
Essentially, *Medical Nemesis* is an elaboration of the thesis spelt out by René Dubos (*Mirage of Health*, 1959), but it also derives to some extent from the work of Michel Foucault (*The Birth of the Clinic*, 1973) in its critique of what has been called the pan-therapeutic society. With Dubos, Illich argues that there is no reason to believe that the specifically medical treatment of people is ever significantly related to a decline in the compound burden of disease or a rise in life expectancy. The primary determinant of the health of any population is environment. Except in the areas of general sanitation and a few relatively uncomplicated techniques, the notion of medical progress is largely a myth. He would not deny that in individual cases highly specialized forms of intervention may be successful. It is simply that the social cost of making possible such treatment for a privileged minority is, quite literally, sickeningly prohibitive. It is, moreover, a clinical smoke screen which conceals the fact that it is the way we live that makes us ill.

"Iatrogenesis" is the term Illich employs to describe the "disease of medical progress," and he conceives of it as involving three distinct levels. *Clinical iatrogenesis*, the first of these, refers to the undesirable side effects of medical intervention, both approved and contraindicated. In this category he includes also "those other torts that result from the doctor's attempt to protect himself against the possibility of a suit for malpractice." (Certainly this aspect of their physician's motivation in recommending treatment which may be both expensive and painful represents an utterly unsuspected hazard for most patients.) Illich's second level, *social iatrogenesis*, covers the ill health which institutionalized medicine promotes "by increasing stress, by multiplying disabling dependence, by generalizing new painful needs, by lowering the levels of tolerance for discomfort or pain, by reducing the leeway that people are wont to concede to an individual when he suffers, and by abolishing the right to self-care." Medical mythology sponsors sickness, in that it encourages people to become consumers of health care and leads "to the phantom production of life expectancy as a commodity." Simultaneously medicine sets up a system of certification which effectively exempts "deviant" individuals from participation in the industrial society which has made them "sick," thereby removing them from the scene of political struggle. The third, and most profound level, Illich terms *cultural iatrogenesis*. Medicine constitutes what Illich calls a "radical monopoly." Whereas ordinary monopolies simply corner the market, radical monopolies define what may be done, and how. They abolish autonomy. Thus, "the so-called health professions have an even deeper culturally health-denying effect insofar as they destroy the potential of people to deal with their human weakness, vulnerability, and uniqueness in a personal and autonomous way." Medical civilization transforms pain, impairment and death from existential challenges into technical problems, demands made by the individual on the economy that can be managed or produced out of existence. By doing so, it abolishes the capacity of individuals to cope unaided with their reality.

What is to be done? Whatever happens, Illich believes, the solution should not be left to the profession and its bureaucratic cohorts. Neither should the cleansing of the medical stable be allowed to degenerate into mere doctor-baiting. "If physicians were to become conspicuous scapegoats, the gullible patient would be relieved from blame for his therapeutic greed," he observes. Political action, reinforced by an ethical awakening, could make possible the recovery of the personal autonomy lost to monolithic medicine. Ultimately, however, better health care will depend "not on some new therapeutic standard, but on the level of willingness and competence to engage in self-care."

This may sound far-fetched. But in fact there is considerable evidence, not drawn on in this book, that the act of assuming responsibility for oneself is precisely the key to many health problems, both in a preventative and in a therapeutic sense. Prophylactic responsibility seems obvious

25 years later, a new view of the forces that led to the infamous McCarthy era



Many theories have emerged since the 1950s to explain Joseph R. McCarthy's astounding stranglehold on our nation. Some credit McCarthy the man, others blame Truman's loyalty-security measures and cold-war politics. Now, Richard Fried contends that McCarthyism was generated largely within the Republican party and that the notorious Red-baiter was himself used by the GOP to combat Democratic authority and national influence. In relating the rise and fall of McCarthy to the actions and tactics of his political enemies, Fried has provided many valuable and perceptive insights that add to our understanding of partisan politics. "Exceptional breadth and detail on the politics of the 1950-54 period." —*The Kirkus Reviews*

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enough, but even there the greater part of the public permits itself to be hoodwinked by academically certified "experts" into neglecting the most common-sense precautions of diet, for example. As far as therapeutic self-responsibility goes, there is now substantial indication (from the work of G.F. Solomon and other researchers) that stress and emotional distress, operating on the immunologic system via the central nervous system and endocrine mediation, may play a crucial role in the pathogenesis of the plagues of the "post-industrial" world: cancer, cardiovascular disease, arthritic and respiratory disorders. Episodic stress is, of course, perfectly natural to any organism. But, in cancer patients, researchers like Dr. Carl Simonton of the Holistic Cancer Center at Fort Worth, Texas, and Dr. Kenneth Pelletier of the Psychosomatic Medicine Center of the Gladman Memorial Hospital in Oakland, Calif., have come to identify chronic low-key depression—what they call the helplessness-hopelessness syndrome—as a key personality factor. Just as the "Type A" personality has come to be associated with cardiovascular disease, so it seems that there may be a distinctive carcinotropic type, distinguished by a sense of being a helpless victim of environment and circumstances. There is indication, moreover, that helplessness is a learned response.

In orthodox medical practice, the patient surrenders therapeutic autonomy to the physician. You take your illness to the doctor much the same way you take a broken TV to the repairman. Patently such an approach can only lead to reinforcement of the existing sense of helplessness. By contrast, cancer victims encouraged to use simple techniques for rediscovering self-responsibility, even "incurables" written off by the traditional "cut, burn, poison" school of oncology, show a remarkable ability to recover. To date, such successes tend to be explained away by orthodox medicine as mere "spontaneous remission." How long the public will put up with this remains to be seen. Illich points out that, notwithstanding the fact's having been consistently clouded by announcements from the American Cancer Society "reminiscent of General Westmoreland's proclamations from Vietnam," the survival rate for the most common types of cancer, which make up 90 per cent of cases, has remained almost unchanged for the past twenty-five years. One has only to set this against the immense human suffering inflicted on cancer patients in the name of therapy to realize how baleful the influence of the medical monopoly is.

Illich's earlier reviews of education (*Deschooling Society*, 1971) and transportation (*Energy and Equity*, 1974) were uniquely penetrating studies of the pre-emption of learning and freedom of movement. *Medical Nemesis* reveals clinical care to be a further aspect of capital-intensive commodity production and of the destructive dominance of industry in our society. It is, without doubt, required reading for anyone interested in health and healing. □

CHILD'S STONE, NANTUCKET

God thought it best
that little Kezia should fill her lungs
like a stoven ship

and break up
on the glass sides of heaven
sounding with coughs.

Her mother moves
among numerous stones and reads:
For You Must Lye With Me,

you who outlive
children, husbands, dead
reckoning

these white embryos
gathered to the father of all
flies and fish.

Up under wharves
the salt is stunned. Tides keep sucking
at the slabs of ice

and don't know why
this water won't be moved
in or out.

Meredith Luyten

All Women, All Races, All Men

REVELATIONS: Diaries of Women. *Edited by Mary Jane Moffat and Charlotte Painter. Random House. 411 pp. $10. Paper $2.95.*

ANN MORRISSETT DAVIDON

The analogy between the women's movement and the black movement (more euphemistically, though narrowly, called the civil rights movement) is a valid one, but there is an important difference. While black people have generally not had similar opportunities until relatively recently, white women have often been able to accompany their "white masters" into the realms of leisure and literacy, if not of economic and political power.

Thus an opulent legacy of women's literature has been revealed in the past decade or so, much of it long neglected—and much of it in the private and fragmented form of diaries which have well suited the private and fragmented form of even upper-class women's lives. The voluminous diaries of Anais Nin are relatively well known, but how many women—let alone men—have read the diaries of Virginia Woolf, George Sand, George Eliot, Sophie Tolstoy, Anna Dostoevsky, Selma Lagerlöf, Ruth Benedict, Käthe Kollwitz and many other women whose names are less known but whose diaries are at least as interesting?

Two California women took on the formidable task of selecting and editing such a compilation, and have produced one of the most exciting and moving collections of women's writing I have yet read. Mary Jane Moffat and Charlotte Painter are both teachers and themselves intelligent writers, as is evident in their own comments dispersed throughout this thick tome, and in the appropriate framework of Moffat's Foreword and Painter's Afterword. Preceding each woman's diary excerpt, they have interjected brief biographical notes which enlighten rather than intrude. (Extracts from Charlotte Painter's own book, *Confessions from the Malaga Madhouse*, have also been included, quite legitimately, though her breezy modern style contrasts somewhat negatively, in my view, with the engagingly plain-spoken manner of many of her predecessors.)

Most of the women named above have been successful in their fields—as writers, anthropologists, artists; such creative women have found acceptable public outlets, albeit often pseudonymously. Why claim for them the desperate need which has presumably driven other literate but more downtrodden women to pour forth their lives in private diaries? Why do *they* need this form, this ostensible analogue to most women's lives: "emotional, fragmentary, interrupted, modest, not to be taken seriously, private, restricted, daily, trivial, formless, concerned with self, as endless as their tasks"?

As Moffat writes in her Foreword, "by far the most common emotion expressed in diaries" is loneliness—"stemming either from physical isolation from normal outlets for discourse, as with Anne Frank, or from psychological alienation from one's milieu, as with Fanny Kemble. . . [married to a slave-owner], or from lovelessness, as with George Sand." Well—and don't most people suffer at least periodically from such states? The answer is of course yes, but most people do not have either the literacy or leisure for such expression, or else—as in the case of the "white masters"—they have

Ann Morrissett Davidon is a writer, living in Haverford, Pa.

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usually found other more overt and diverting outlets for their passing reflections and emotions, or for avoiding them.

The women represented here explore their feelings honestly, humorously, painfully, wisely. Hear Sophie Tolstoy on a rotten day in the third year of her married life:

". . .I have always been told that a woman must love her husband and be honourable and be a good wife and mother. They write such things in ABC books, and it is all nonsense. The thing to do is *not* to love. . . . All my pride is trampled in the mud; I am nothing but a miserable crushed worm, whom no one wants, whom no one loves, a useless creature with morning sickness, and a big belly, two rotten teeth, and a bad temper, a battered sense of dignity, and a love which nobody wants and which nearly drives me insane."

But on another day, a few years later: "It makes me laugh to read over this diary. It's so full of contradictions, and one would think I was such an unhappy woman. . . .It would be hard to find a happier or more friendly marriage than ours."

And still another entry, later on: "After throwing on me the whole responsibility of the children and their education, household duties, money matters, and all the other material things, which they all make much greater use of than I ever do, they come along, and with a cold, officious, and pious expression, tell me to give a horse to a peasant, or some money. . . .God! I am so tired of all this life and the struggle and suffering! How deep is the unconscious hatred of even one's nearest people, and how great their selfishness."

Such oscillations of mood and self-confidence are present too in such presumably fulfilled artists as Virginia Woolf, who wrote at the age of 38, near the beginning of her most prodigious writing:

"Why is life so tragic; so like a little strip of pavement over an abyss. I look down; I feel giddy; I wonder how I am ever to walk to the end. But why do I feel this: Now that I say it I don't feel it. . . . Melancholy diminishes as I write. Why don't I write it down oftener? Well, one's vanity forbids. I want to appear a success even to myself."

And Käthe Kollwitz, plunged into work after the death of her son during World War I:

"Stagnation in my work. When I feel so parched, I almost long for the sorrow again. And then when it comes back I feel it stripping me physically of all the strength I need for work."

In 1925, at the age of 58, she wrote:

"Recently I began reading my old diaries. Back to before the war. Gradually I became very depressed. The reason for that is probably that I wrote only when there were obstacles and halts to the flow of life, seldom when everything was smooth and even. . . . I distinctly felt what a half-truth a diary presents. . . ."

Rather than "half-truths," perhaps such diaries present whole truths about half one's life, for in the other half most of these women seem to have lived fully and creatively—even, to some extent, those like Sophie Tolstoy and Anna Dostoevsky who were adjuncts to "great men." The hopes, fears and doubts confided to diaries in the midst of life are expressed even in the diaries of 7-year-old Marjory Fleming in the early 19th century, and of 13-year-old Louisa May Alcott in the middle of that century; and of Florida Scott-Maxwell, who began to study with Jung at the age of 50, and at 82 started a diary (published in 1968 as *The Measure of My Days*) in which she wrote:

"Age puzzles me. I thought it was a quiet time. My seventies were interesting and fairly serene, but my eighties are passionate. I grow more intense as I age. To my own surprise I burst out with hot conviction. . . .

"It could make unexpected history if wives wrote what they saw work—its efforts and its achievements—doing to their husbands; telling honestly how much of the husband is left for human purposes and how good the human quality remains. . . .

"When you truly possess all you have been and done, which may take some time, you are fierce with reality. When at last age has assembled you together, will it not be easy to let it all go, lived, balanced, over?. . .

"We do not often live with the superior side of the man—that is. . . expressed in his work—but more habitually with his weak, tired, shadow side. We indulge him, restore him, and though we exploit him (that is a mutual game) it often seems to us our role and fate to deal with his inferiority, and conceal it from him. We may do it with wisdom and grace, but usually we project our faults onto each other, all can be beneath comment, and there are times when only mutual forgiveness makes us fit to face each other once more. . . .

"So I still care! At my age I care to my roots about the quality of woman, and I care because I know how important her quality is.

"The hurt that women have borne for so long may have immeasurable meaning. We women are the meeting place of the highest and the lowest, and of minutiae and riches; it is for us to see, and understand, and have

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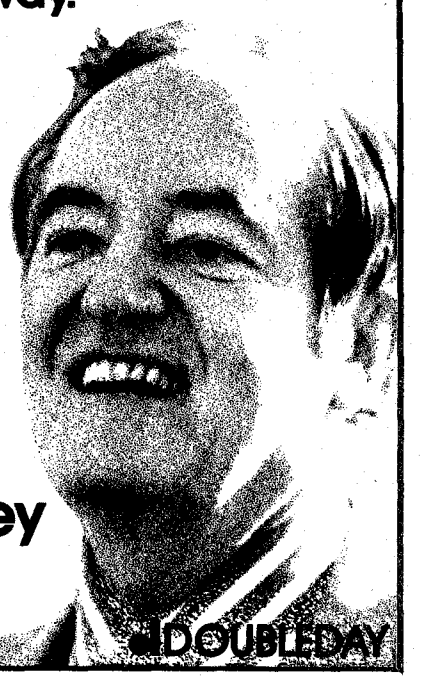

THE EDUCATION OF A PUBLIC MAN
My Life and Politics
Hubert H. Humphrey
Edited by Norman Sherman

DOUBLEDAY

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pride in representing ourselves truly. Perhaps we must say to man. . . 'The time may have come for us to forge our own identity, dangerous as that will be.' "

One could go on quoting with endless projection and pained pleasure from this absorbing collection, which is somewhat arbitrarily divided into the categories of "Love," "Work" and "Power." It is difficult to apply the usual sort of literary criticism to these women's intimate feelings and searingly honest observations, though one can certainly credit Moffat and Painter for apparently having selected neither too skimpingly nor too repetitiously from their outpourings. How to judge these deep-felt emotions, these relationships, these lives? All one can say is that the women represented here have, in their own ways, expressed these "half-truths" of their lives with the articulateness of their intelligence and the anguish of their emotion. I like to think that not only white middle-class women might smile and weep with recognition over this unsentimental volume, but also all women, all races, and all men. □

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ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

The art world does not expect art exhibitions to occur outside the customary circuit of institutions, but "America 1976" refutes us. Sponsored by the U.S. Department of the Interior, it is one of the most interesting mixed shows of current painting to be seen in years. It cuts across taste patterns that have become very set. As an example of *avant-garde* stasis take the 72nd American exhibition at the Art Institute of Chicago last spring. The artists included Carl Andre, Chuck Close, Richard Estes, Dan Flavin, Helen Frankenthaler, Douglas Huebler, Jasper Johns, Don Judd, Ellsworth Kelly, Sol LeWitt, Roy Lichtenstein, Robert Morris, Kenneth Noland, Claes Oldenburg, Robert Rauschenberg, Frank Stella and Andy Warhol. Now such a show can be taken, on the one hand, as a very creditable assortment of solid artists, backed by reputable galleries and by a great deal of favorable critical opinion. On the other hand, it can be seen as tired, the mixture as before—not bad, just very familiar.

"America 1976" covers unfamiliar ground: almost all of the painters are representational and their commission was simply to paint anything covered by the capacious terms of reference of the Department of the Interior. Most of the Bicentennial exhibitions are nostalgic, self-congratulatory, or embarrassed; but making the continent available to artists at a moment of greatly increased interest in realism has worked admirably. Most of the artists purposefully adapted their own styles to the flexible commission, though there are a few evasions and misses. Several artists painted small intimate landscapes of routine personal sensibility (Lenart Anderson, Arthur Coppedge, Edwin Dickinson, Daniel Lang and James Weeks); Jack Beal took a sentimental journey in his native Virginia and produced some weak decorative pastels; Janet Fish did a still life (because she always does still lifes) and Nancy Graves a lurid rip-off of Jasper Johns's "Dymaxion Airocean World Map," but otherwise the show was admirable.

The best works, best in the sense of satisfying both the artists' personal resources and the commemorative requirements of the department, are all scenic works. They constitute the core and value of the show. The show begins its two-year nationwide tour at the Corcoran Gallery, Washington, D.C., whose permanent collection includes various paintings by 19th-century Americans echoed by the new painters. Robert Rosenblum in the introduction to the catalogue, mentions Moran, Church and Bierstadt. These memorializing landscapes, then and now, are especially effective when panoramic, when they celebrate the big country. There are perhaps three subdivisions of the scenic mode: the geological, the Virgin Forest and the technological.

There is an impressive group of desert and mountain landscapes, with rock forms naked of covering vegetation. Vincent Arcilesi in the Grand Canyon National Park, Philip Pearlstein in Arizona, Ben Schonzeit in Colorado, and Johann Sellenraad in Utah are especially notable for their parched panorama and rocky heights. Virgin forests range from Georgia to Maine: from Michael Mazur's choked growth (Georgia's "rich estuarine ecosystem," to quote the catalogue) to Neil Welliver's dappled boskiness. The technological vistas of Robert Birmelin, John Button, Sidney Goodman and George Nick combine the drama of continental space with the architecture of dams and highways. Incidentally, the catalogue note on Goodman's "Incinerator" dryly observes that the painting "depicts the process of converting trash to solid matter, our country's only increasing mineral resource." Hawaii tempted two artists, Joseph Raffael and Anne McCoy. Raffael's tropical vegetation appears as an intense extension of Monet's lily ponds, or Sargent's; Anne McCoy's large drawing of an underwater reef reminds me of a line in a Beatles' song, "In an octopus's garden in the shade." That is to say, these works, though very attractive, do not possess much resonance as Americana. All the scenic works listed above, however, act as characteristic examples of personal style and as public image making.

Several artists approached the national theme by means of animal imagery, but ran into trouble: William Allan, Ellen Lanyon and Don Nice produced merely antiquarian Audubon-ish graphics. Lanyon's "Everglades" confronts a crocodile and a bird in the manner of a frozen book illustration. To see what can be done with symbols of this sort, consider Robert Rauschenberg's "Stoned Moon" lithographs, which have copious bird and orange symbolism in reference to Florida as a state. (Rauschen-

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berg is on the list above of overfamiliar artists in the Chicago exhibition, but my complaint is that it is the perpetuation of the same artists *together* that is boring, like going to the same party every weekend. In the context of "America 1976" he would have looked different and better.) Only Alex Katz's contribution to the bestiary is notable, a big picture of a moose. We see it from the rear and, deeper in the picture, its head swings into full profile. It is as if Katz were applying Picasso's principle, described by Leo Steinberg, of showing figures simultaneously from the front and the rear. It is a weird, bold picture.

There are very few figure paintings in the show: Robert Bechtle's sightseers near Palm Springs, John Heliker's picnickers in a national park, a whimsical studio picture by John Winslow and, by Richard Yarde, some kids in a playground administered by the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation. Richard Estes and Richard Haas contribute deserted topographies. Only the Indians are strongly present, in one of Fritz Scholder's images of the Native American and in Willard Midgette's crowded "Powwow." "America 1976" is comparatively peopleless. I think that is because figure paintings carry too much significance of either a personal kind (like Pearlstein's nudes) or of a dissident kind (like Benny Andrews's allegories). It would be hard to paint representative Americans at this present disaffected time. In that respect government-sponsored landscape imagery has worked well: it has produced a strong group of good public paintings. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Because its season was brief at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, the Warsaw Teatr Studio performances of *Dante* will no longer be on view when this review appears. Another of the company's productions, *Replika*, may still be seen, and, though I cannot say anything about it at this moment, I recommend that people genuinely interested in the theatre attend.

The reason for this peculiar recommendation is that the company and its director, Jozef Szajna, offer exemplary models of a meaningfully new and powerfully suggestive current in the contemporary theatre. *Dante*, which I saw in Warsaw last June and mentioned briefly in my report here, was first presented in Florence in 1974; and the earlier *Replika* originally was given in Nancy (France). Both plays have subsequently toured many of the world's capitals.

To say that these productions represent what nowadays is frequently referred to as "total theatre" is to emit hot air. Musical comedies as well as the classical Greek theatre answer to the same designation: a combination of speech, stylized movement, dance and striking visual effects are common to them. In regard to *avant-garde* productions we also hear much blather about "audience participation"; no theatre has ever existed without it! Nor is the "theatre of cruelty" a particularly descriptive term, unless we are thinking of the atrocities perpetrated in its name. And while some critics have asserted that such a production as *Dante* does not require knowledge of the language employed to be appreciated, and therefore set it down as "nonverbal," the allegation leaks. Many words assail the ear in *Dante*—words, I venture to judge, quite distinctly pronounced, sung or spoken—and I regretted not knowing exactly what they meant. The fact that many of them were presumably culled from *The Divine Comedy* is also somewhat misleading, for it is clear that, while the Polish text is "based" on the Italian masterpiece, it can hardly be said to follow it. Virgil is absent; Dante is the central figure in the play, whereas in the *Commedia* he is more or less an observer (almost a "visitor") with Virgil as his guide. In the *Purgatorio*, Dante moves "so that untired [he] follows the swift spirits up with ease." In the play, the poet, bearing no resemblance at all to the traditional profile, suffers as much as do any of the condemned in the *Inferno*. A Beatrice is very much present in the production, but she is by no means the Beatrice of the book.

This *Dante* has its source in the director's, Jozef Szajna's, experience in the concentration camps of Auschwitz and Buchenwald where he survived at the age of 22. Originally a scene designer, Szajna conceives his plays in visualizations. His images are related, but hardly correspond, to those in the *Commedia*: for all the parallels with those of the original work, they are images of an inferno and a purgatory which only a latter-day Surrealist artist of the theatre could create. They are eclectically nightmarish, eminently picturesque and excitingly kinetic. They move all over the theatre space, from the lobby through and over the auditorium onto the stage—with some of the actors in agonized contortions, suspended above the heads of spectators in the front rows. Accompanying every episode are expostulations, outcries, groans, wails of derision and pain—a few in Latin and Italian. Lights and stage properties play their part in the phantasmagoria. Though the play ends with the *Commedia*'s closing line—"The love that moves the sun and the other stars"—there is in the spectacle more evocation of fear, anguish and violent passion than of beatitude.

Yet on the whole I was rather more absorbed and stimulated than truly stirred by what I saw, and for several reasons. But before stating them, it is only just that I repeat the play's central virtue: Szajna's vision is propelled by an emotionally authentic impulse. *Dante* does not emerge, as so often occurs in American and other imitations of a similar mode, as a mere stylistic or "aesthetic" exercise. The same is true of the actors, who give themselves to their arduous tasks with a dedication that only an organic connection with the play's *idea*, the spiritual and existential material of the background, could foster.

Months, perhaps years of thought, training and disciplined work on every level—acoustic, mechanical, physical—must be expended in the making of such a play. The actors' bodies are mature, handsome, strong, agile and pliant; the voices supple and sonorous. (The Beatrice of Anna Milewska is especially fine.) The sense of an integrated corps is utterly convincing. And there is a vein of full-blooded sexuality that "subliminally" courses through the event, relieving it of all sickly strain or ostentation.

And yet, one misses a sustaining text, one that might give "music" to what we see and hear, an extension into a realm which the images alone fail to provide. This does not mean that the visual cannot rise in the theatre to heights of supersensual values, values beyond their concrete embodiment. But much of what we behold in *Dante* tends to be either a little too simplistic or the product of private metaphors which do not really communicate what the director and various ecstatic critics suppose they do. They do not possess the sort of universality which penetrates beyond ordinary intelligibility as does the poetry of the *Commedia*, or as do the works of great artists in other realms—even on rare occasions in the theatre.

Yet the exploration merits respect and gratitude. More than that, it broadens one's sense of how widely theatre art may range and what it may achieve in fresh domains. □

DANCE

NANCY GOLDNER

For dance fans, the Royal Danish Ballet's visit to this country has been the most keenly anticipated event of a season jammed with events. First, the company has not been to the United States in eleven years. Second, the Danes are the spokesmen for August Bournonville, the great choreographer whose tenure with the Royal Danish Ballet from 1829 to 1879, the year of his death, outfitted the company with a

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complete repertory, much of it surviving to this day. Although Bournonville is a peer of the Russian-based Petipa in terms of fecundity and influence, each of them having shaped a school of choreography and a company style, Bournonville is by and large sequestered in Denmark, while Petipa is international fare. Those who were hoping for a substantial dose of Bournonville danced by his natural heirs must be disappointed by the repertory selected for the three-week season at the Metropolitan Opera. Only two and a third Bournonvilles have been tossed our way: the last act of *Napoli*; *La Sylphide*, which I suspect is not typical Bournonville because of its necessarily ethereal point of view and which, in any case, is already familiar to Americans via American Ballet Theatre and the National Ballet of Canada; and the *Guards of Amager* which, as I write, is yet to come.

The last act of *Napoli*, a series of divertissements celebrating a marriage, is said to be Bournonville's masterpiece. Certainly it seizes on many of the elements one associates with ballet in its ideal form. The curtain rises on a stage garlanded with friendly onlookers. At the back is a high bridge from which a crowd of children and adults look down on a wooded glen. On the sidelines are more villagers, all of them garbed in Sunday-best peasant knickers and skirts. In one corner sits a man in smock and beret, sketching the scene. I like to think he is Bournonville, marking an event he will later use for a ballet. The center space, more a nook than a mound, is kept clear for dancing. The setting of *Napoli* is an epitome of cozy community, where people may crowd together without crowding one another out, where they may cheer the wedding party with tambourines and yet have time to stroll and gossip among themselves. Perhaps *Napoli*'s easy-going ambience explains why the basic brilliance of the dancing unfolds in muted charm and why its urban tempo, by which one variation follows on the heels of another, has a horse and buggy patina. At the end of the festivities the folk on the bridge shower the bride and groom with confetti, and its fluttery, whimsical fall to the ground has the effect of celebrating place as well as event. *Napoli* truly does take place in a fairyland. Its vivacious dancing, however, represents the best of a possible world.

Vivacity is ballet's answer to the furious tempo of urban life. The best ballet makes intensity sparkle and speed shimmer. Rather than sweep us away in gossamer, ballet can leave us on earth right side up. Although ballet is said to defy gravity, good ballet shows us dancers living with gravity. *Napoli* is precisely the opposite of escapist dance—and escapist tendencies to which James succumbs in *La Sylphide*. Instead of teasing us with manna, as the sylph teases James, Bournonville in *Napoli* showers us with champagne. The remarkable buoyancy of the *Napoli* dances resides in its emphasis on footwork—to the degree that when men do beats they hold their arms motionless and close to the body so as not to distract our eyes from their feet—its syncopated rhythms and, most of all, its concentrated texture of choreography. The men's variations contain no pauses or walks or linking steps between jumps. They continuously bounce as from a trampoline, and they dart every which way without preparation. Whereas most male solos may be traced in systems of diagonals and circles, a Bournonville path zigzags blithely. Whereas the Petipa style alternates between big and little movement, Bournonville dancers flicker between the two poles. One second the man is dancing in place, movement isolated in his beating legs; next moment, he's bounding across the stage or sharply veering into a circular jump and miraculously coming out of it in a full-faced surge forward. One follows him as one follows a firefly. The structures of these male variations are not as capricious as fireflies, but they do shy away from climaxes and resolutions. They belong in the Eden that Auden thought all real ballet represents. "A world of pure being without becoming and the suffering implied by becoming."

The women's roles in *Napoli* are smaller-scaled versions of the men's. They cover less ground, do shorter sequences of jumps, and substitute lacy *enchainements* for *batterie*. They subscribe to a theory of femininity in which women softly reflect the brilliance of men, holding their own through charm. Exquisite pointwork and fully developed *pas de deux* would obviously endow Bournonville women with separate but equal status, yet these devices are rudimentary in *Napoli* and the few other Bournonville ballets I have seen. More than in other styles, Bournonville women must rely on their wits, must know how to make the most of the small moments they are given. It is indicative of the women's caliber that it took me some time to realize that their variations are in fact miniature editions of the men's, not pale shadows. Their weaknesses are both technical and theatrical. Whereas the men naturally find themselves transmuting bravura showmanship into metaphors of joy, the women are downright reluctant to glitter, as though fearing that projection equals peacockism. Whereas the men's feet have the finesse usually associated with women, the women's feet tend to be flaccid and vague. The turn-out in their legs, which accounts in large measure for ballet's extroverted exuberance, is ill-defined. Whereas the men's arm movements are sturdily rounded, the women's are either limp or tense. Whereas the men take Bournonville's syncopations as a useful springboard (quite literally), the women seem to find them stumbling blocks.

The Royal Danish has always been famous for its male dancers, but I was not under the impression that the supremacy of one sex implied the inadequacy of the other. Thus a week's viewing of the troupe has been a shock, compounded by Harald Lander's crudely designed but revelatory *Etudes*. Except for Frank Andersen, the company's potential star, and Niels Kehlet, who through sheer grit carried some of Bournonville's ebullience into Lander's stodgy glamorization of prowess, the entire company looked like a bedraggled one-night-stand operation.

So far, it's the dramatic ballets that have brought the Danish into stride—Flemming Flindt's *The Lesson*, based on the Ionesco play; Roland Petit's amusingly trashy *Carmen*; and John Neumeier's *Romeo and Juliet*, which is not so much choreographed as constructed around dancing décor. For all the brilliance of the men in *Napoli*, they and it radiate lonely beams. □

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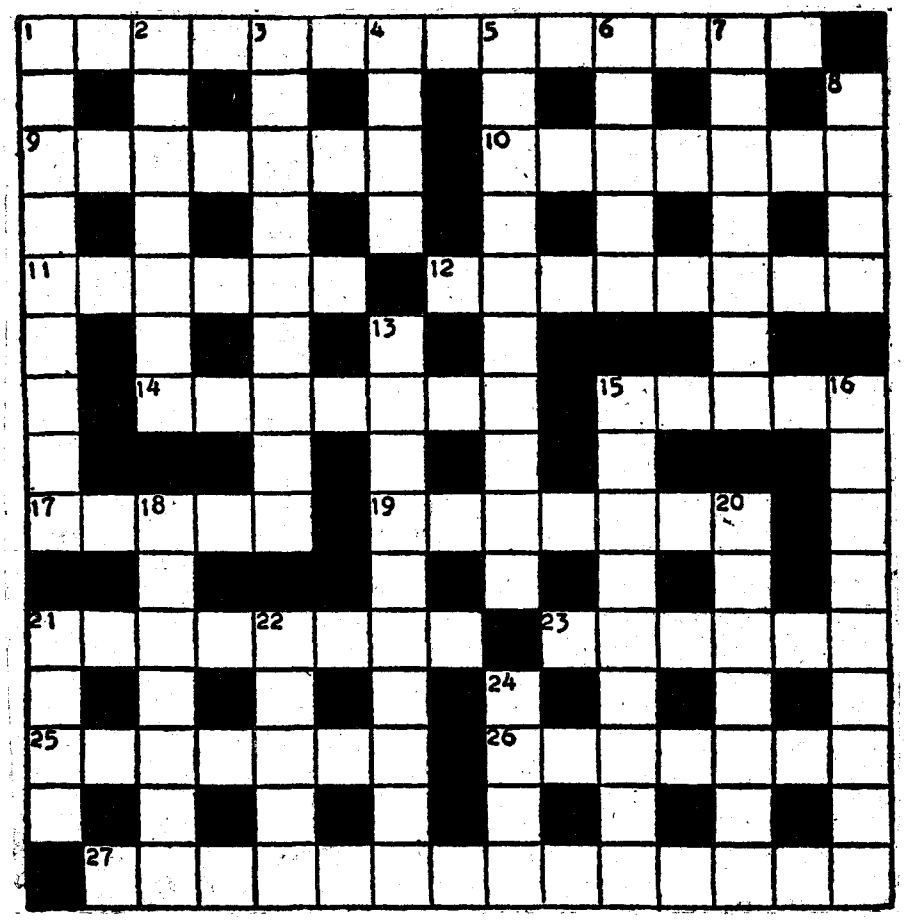
FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Some question of procedure? Bossy type involved, but evidently well-tanned. (3,3, 5,3)
9 See 13 down
10 Is the transfer of the bag more likely to be delayed by it? (7)
11 The 10 across, perhaps, descriptive of an old city. (6)
12 The Stars and Stripes over the rampart? (8)
14 Most owe a good deal of change to a couple of this. (7)
15 A good queen's coming back with cassia. (5)
17 Details, perhaps, where ships pull in. (5)
19 Designer with a degree of picturesque representation. (7)
21 I came back and took something in to make someone lean this way. (8)
23 See 13 down
25 Perhaps the leading man in bed has something to smoke. (7)
26 They're no good unless they can run. (7)
27 See 13 down

DOWN

1 One might have so behaved in waltzing, though the date is changed. (9)
2 You can make this wet, in the most pure form, reputedly. (7)
3 A layer should be like this. (9)
4 Gets one's goat, with things that have to be ironed out. (4)
5 Where doughboys went, or where they might hope to take a drive. (4,3,3)
6 Lord, he sounds like a prize-giver! (5)
7 He might be responsible for quite a row. (7)
13, 23, 27, 21 down, 9 and 8 Some question of industry by the partner of 1 across in making a Land of Milk and Honey possible. (3,4,3,6,4,3,7,4,7,4)
15 The lazy might need it, by which some cocktail might be provided. (7,2)
16 Is such a person designated for the post? Quite the reverse. (9)
18 It might go 5 in France. (7)
20 Character of the most piquant onion, no doubt. (7)
21 See 23 down
22 Found in some animal's teeth or in a growing plant. (5)
24 This also might go 5 in the service of France. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1635

ACROSS: 1 and 5 Platinum blonde; 10 Stinger; 11 Nonstop; 12 Tenon; 13 Two-by-four; 14 Visor; 16 Died away; 22 Gusto; 24 Hatefully; 26 Easel; 28 Rarebit; 29 In state; 30 and 9 Earned income; 31 Bear left. DOWN: 1 and 23 Positive charge; 2 Alien; 3 In general; 4 Unrated; 6 Lanky; 7 Nationals; 8, 27 and 19 Empire State Building; 15 Stutterer; 17 Aggressor; 18 Jolliest; 20 Inlets; 21 Guywire; 25 Fable.

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